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The Week

THE Washington correspondents blow hot and cold by turns as to the Kellogg treaty's chances. Today they tell us that it will be ratified at this session of Congress, without crippling reservations; tomorrow we hear that it will be passed, if at all, only in the special session which Mr. Hoover is to call, and only then with drastic safeguarding clauses attached. Senator Reed intends to hamstring the treaty with a reservation to safeguard the Monroe Doctrine, despite the fact that President Coolidge and Secretary Kellogg both insist that no such reservation is needed. Senator Moses, with the irresponsibility for which he is famous, will throw his own monkey wrench into the machinery by offering a clause which says Soviet Russia has not been recognized, even though her signature appears on the same document which bears the sacred name of the United States. While it still seems likely that the treaty will go through, its success is by no means assured, and its friends will be well advised to lend every energy to obtain ratification. As we have indicated in the past, the New Republic has no delusions about the strength of the treaty. We do recognize, however, that failure to ratify would be calamity. It would mean that America would have lost all moral influence with Europe for many years to come. It would mean that this necessary spade-work for the foundations for the temple of peace would have to be done all over at some time in the uncertain future by men in an even more discouraged frame of mind than were M. Briand and Mr. Kellogg. The influential Scripps-Howard chain of newspapers has started an energetic campaign to "get the treaty out of the Senate by Christmas." The time-limit is perhaps too short, but the effort is wholly commendable.

ANYONE who wants to know how wars start has only to read this week's despatches from Paraguay and Bolivia. All the old familiar elements are there, quite as though we had never had a World War which cursed an entire generation of mankind, or as though it had taught us nothing. It is disheartening to anyone who believes in peace to read of the crowd which assembled before the Bolivian presidential palace and shouted, "We want war!" Six thousand youths, we are told, marched through the streets to the recruiting offices to enlist. President Siles made a speech telling the Bolivians that "serenity and firmness are the attributes of great peoples . . . we will be as one in the defense of our country." It is difficult to believe that these words were spoken seriously in the year 1928 and are not a passage from some such satiric work as Mr. C. E. Montague's great novel, "Right Off the Map." The Pan-American Conference on Conciliation and Arbitration, which met in Washington on December 10, found a difficult task ready to its hand. It promptly passed a resolution urging Paraguay and Bolivia to arbitrate their difference (which has to do with disputed territory on the border and a raid by troops). The Conference also appointed a committee to take whatever steps are possible for an amicable settlement. Bolivia has placed the facts before the League of Nations, and it seems as though that body must act or suffer a serious blow to its prestige. If, in spite of all, war does result, a practical test will come of the possibility of deciding upon, and disciplining the "aggressor."

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THE meeting of the League Council at Lugano has opened in an atmosphere of unrelieved gloom. Europe is sensitive to the psychic temperature, and has several reasons at present for feeling depressed. One of these is President Coolidge's harsh and almost threatening Armistice Day speech. Another is Mussolini's recent jingoistic declaration, quite in his worst manner, that treaties of peace mean nothing and that Italy must proceed to arm as completely as possible. Still another is the popular hostility between the French and the Italians, which flared out when a French jury gave a ridiculously light sentence to the assassin of a minor Italian official. The relations between Germany on one hand and England and France on the other are in a painful deadlock. The Allies insist that they cannot evacuate the Rhineland unless they are bought off with immediate concessions of staggering size, as to reparations; and Germany, despairing of the negative results achieved in the recent past by a conciliatory attitude, is minded to take a harsher line. It is no wonder, therefore, that the diplomats who sought out Lugano's mild air because Geneva seemed too harsh for Herr Stresemann's impaired health, seem at a loss to know what they can do there. The present is evidently one of those moments when further progress is impossible and it is necessary to hold tight in order not to lose what has already been accomplished.

SERIOUS developments have taken place during the past week in Mexico. The "Crom," the powerful Mexican Federation of Labor, has broken with President Portes Gil, chiefly on the allegation that he had been unfriendly to its members before he assumed his present office. Former President Calles, who had begun the formation of a new political party, has abandoned this attempt and announces his retirement to private life. The "Crom" exerts a powerful influence on politics under the shrewd leadership of Luis N. Morones. It is far, however, from representing all the workers of Mexico, and it is less powerful at the moment than the army, which continues loyal to President Gil. The Mexican situation is unstable, as Carleton Beals showed in his article in the New Republic for December 5; but there is no reason to expect any startling upset in the immediate future.

PROGRESSIVE members of the U. S. Senate are putting up a stiff fight against the confirmation of Roy O. West as Secretary of the Interior, and the New Republic earnestly hopes it will be a successful one. For Mr. Coolidge to have appointed West in the first place showed an extraordinary contempt for public opinion. The Secretary of the Interior is the one member of the Cabinet charged with safeguarding the country's public resources. He sits as a member of the Federal Power Commission which decides whether water-power sites shall be leased for private exploitation, and if so, on what terms. One would have thought that the experience with Albert B. Fall would have stuck in Mr. Coolidge's memory and that he would have leaned over backward in giving this interim appointment to someone whose fitness could not be called in question. Instead, he selected the attorney for Samuel Insull of Chicago, one of the strongest and most aggressive of the private-power magnates in the United States. West, moreover, was until his appointment a heavy owner of stock in several public-utility companies. To make him Secretary of the Interior is to set a wolf to guard the sheep. The most puzzling thing about the whole enterprise is why the President should ever have supposed that such an outrageous appointment would pass without challenge.

AN incident has already occurred which shows the sort of difficulty which would constantly arise if Mr. West were to continue in office. He has already sat as a member of the Federal Power Commission to determine whether his old friends, the Insull interests, should be given Cumberland Falls, Ky. Mr. Insull would develop the Falls for power, although critics of his proposal assert that there is at present no need for any such development and that in any case there are other and better sites available on the Cumberland where power can be developed without harming a natural scenic wonder. The alternative suggestion is that Cumberland Falls should be preserved as a public park. It is described by Dr. Ralph Reed, President of the Ohio Society for the Preservation of Cumberland Falls, as "the finest cataract except Nigara east of the Rockies or perhaps in the United States." Suppose Mr. West votes for Insull and against the public park. How will he ever persuade the people of the country that he acted independently and for the best interests of the country? How can a man of honor place himself in such an intolerable position?

WHILE the New Republic heartily sympathizes with the purpose of Senator Thomas J. Walsh to banish public-utility and other propaganda from the schools, the bill which he has introduced to effect that end is not, in our opinion, well conceived. If teachers in general wanted to accept pay from private interests for writing textbooks or giving lectures favorable to those interests, it would be extremely difficult to frame or administer a law which would stop them. The remedy is rather to expose to public condemnation the instances in which this intellectual dishonesty has been practised, and to build up within the educational profession itself a standard of conduct which would prevent it. This is a prime example of the sort of situation in which professional ethics should function. Furthermore, much of the damage which has been done is due not to calculated coöperation of the teachers with the utilities, but to inadvertence in recognizing

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and forestalling their propaganda. The educational societies have here a duty to inform their members and to forewarn them against using uncritically material which outside interests may seek to inject into the class-room.

ASIDE from the presidential address to the Taylor Society by Mr. Morris L. Cooke, which we comment upon in a longer editorial, another subject of particular interest to labor was a suggestion by the Secretary of the Society, Dr. H. S. Person, to the effect that as improved technological processes continue to increase the productivity of industry, the resulting surplus be utilized not for continually shortening the weekly or daily hours of work, but for building up funds for retirement pensions. His paper constituted, not a defense of the proposal, but merely a careful formulation of it, thrown out for the discussion of others. This discussion developed a pretty general consensus of opinion on certain points. One was that while engineers or employers might scientifically determine what hour schedules led to maximum production without injury to the health of the worker, they could not determine those intangible and human values involved, such as the uses of leisure and the distaste for routine or repetitive operations. Therefore the workers' consent would have to be obtained for any such program. Another point of agreement was that the pension funds, in order to be fair and effective, ought to be administered not by individual employers, but either by labor organizations or the State or some joint agency.

AS THE discussion of Dr. Person's suggestion continued, it became clear that it had raised a whole series of profound industrial and social issues. It raised the question of why the employee's work in an industrial civilization seems so unattractive to him that he should want an indefinitely increasing amount of leisure. It raised the question of his use of that leisure, and the lack of preparation for its wise use that his working hours and the surrounding commercial civilization seemed to furnish him. It raised the question of the ultimate marketability of an ever-increasing output of mass-production processes. It raised the question of "technological unemployment," and of the increasing tendency to lay off men who have scarcely achieved middle life, because of their lack of adaptability to new processes. The final emphasis of those who discussed these questions came to be placed on the implications of a phrase used by Dr. Person himself: "that each generation as a group should organize the distribution of the social income." This lengthens the view of income distribution from that of a year to that of a generation, it implies that the distribution should result from group action rather than from the decision of individual employers or workers, it assumes that a wise distribution of income does not happen, but must be organized. In other words, the task before us is for representatives of employers, workers, technicians and the State to consider how the social income may best be administered so as to care for the interlocking interests of production, present purchasing power, leisure, unemployment hazards, retirement, and all the other eventualities of economic life throughout a generation. The mere statement of the problem indicates the broad realms into which the thought of scientific management is venturing.

THE NEW REPUBLIC has repeatedly urged upon the American Legion the duty of securing the pardon of the eight men serving sentence in Walla Walla, Washington, for defending the I. W. W. hall in Centralia against unprovoked assault by the Legionnaires, who, with other good people of the town, had mutilated and lynched Wesley Everett, himself an ex-soldier. While the trial was going on, Edward Bassett, commander of the Butte Post of the Legion, declared:

> The fact that there were some American Legion men among the paraders who everlastingly disgraced themselves by taking part in the raid, does not affect my judgment in the least. Anyone who becomes a party to a mob bent upon unlawful violence, cannot expect the truly patriotic men of the American Legion to condone his act.

Now Captain E. P. Coll of Hoquiam, Washington, another member of the Legion, has raised his voice in protest:

> The I. W. W. in Centralia, Washington, who fired upon the men that were attempting to raid the I. W. W. headquarters were fully justified in their act. . . . As a Legionnaire I wish to prevent the "Shrine of the American Legion" from becoming the shame of the American Legion, for a day of justice will dawn when the memorial statue on the pedestal in that city park of Centralia will assume the appearance of the torn, battered and mutilated Wesley Everest, and beneath that statue will be inscribed the terrible indictment—"Mobbed and lynched for upholding his Constitutional Rights."

The statue referred to is the one to which President Harding was led by officers of the Legion and before which he deposited a wreath, in national sanction of mob violence. The American Legion could do no better service than renounce its privilege in this respect and make a national demand on Governor Hartley for the release of its victims.

PROBABLY most readers of the New Republic remember the brilliant series of articles by Stuart Chase and F. J. Schlink which appeared a year ago under the title, "Consumers in Wonderland," an expanded version of which was subsequently published in book form by the Macmillan Company, New York, as "Your Money's Worth." This material showed, with a wealth of concrete illustrations, what a madhouse of misinformation con-

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fronts the consumer when he buys at retail the ordinary luxuries and even necessities: of competing items selling at the same price, one may be eight or ten times as valuable as the other, or both may be useless, or if one is cheaper than the other, the more expensive may be inferior; and so on. Largely as a result of the revelations which Messrs. Chase and Schlink first made in our columns, an organization has now come into being for the purpose of supplying the ultimate consumer who buys advertised goods at retail with expert and impartial information. This organization, known as The Consumers' Club, and having headquarters at 2 West Forty-third Street, New York City, is supplying to its members on request a list of commodities which give, in the opinion of certain testing agencies and technical experts, good value at their price. In a parallel column appear commodities which are not recommended, either because they cost too much, quality considered; or because the technical committee considers them misadvertised; or because the manufacturer does not give good service in replacing or repairing defective goods. In addition to this, bulletins are issued from time to time on specially important topics such as, for instance, ultra-violet transmitting glasses and artificial sunlight lamps, fads of the moment with the consuming public. Within a short time, and with practically no publicity, the club has gained a membership of eight or nine hundred people from all over the country, and from a wide variety of occupations, ranging from the housewife who wants to know which electric stove to buy for her kitchen to the banker who writes in for the recommendation of an antifreeze mixture for his Rolls-Royce. This is a small beginning, but we hope the club will have a rapid growth. It gives concrete expression to one of the potentially most important economic movements of our time.

Britain and America

THE British press has lately blossomed out with a discussion of an extraordinary character, which has found little counterpart on this side of the Atlantic. Whereas in America the question of competitive naval armament has been considered almost entirely in terms of a cruiser-building race, the British have promptly gone on to contemplate the more serious possible result of such a race, a war between England and the United States. Such a conflict, everyone agrees, is "unthinkable"; but as G. Lowes Dickinson points out in a letter to the Manchester Guardian, "the 'unthinkable' in politics means what, in fact, everybody is furiously thinking about." Mr. Dickinson himself believes that "the danger is very real, and if not imminent at the moment, will grow more and more urgent as the years go on unless we make a right-about-face in our policy." He recalls that "Mr. Baldwin said the other day at the Albert Hall that we had no intention of competing in cruiser building with America," and adds, "I throw no doubt upon his good faith, but what guarantee have we that other members of his Cabinet and the Admiralty are with him? They may, indeed, think that we can afford for a year or two not to compete, so great is our present superiority in precisely these large cruisers, with which the Americans are most concerned. But how will it look a year or two hence when America begins to overhaul us? If the present government should be returned to power again, I should myself have little hope of any arrest in the competition, and what we have to fix in our minds as an axiom is that such competition will produce war with America as surely as it did with Germany."

If Mr. Dickinson stood alone in expressing these views, he might be dismissed, despite his solid reputation, as an irresponsible alarmist. He is joined, however, by so many of his countrymen that the situation revealed is one we are bound to take seriously. The fact that the English are concerned and the Americans as a whole are not is no guarantee against possible trouble. It merely indicates, first, that Great Britain's position is more precarious than that of the United States, and second, that the British are used to thinking about possible future conflicts while we are not. It is significant that throughout the discussion of neutral rights at sea in the past few years, the British spokesmen have invariably assumed that in any future war their country would be a belligerent, while the Americans with equal uniformity take it for granted that they will be neutral. With our aloofness goes a degree of complacency and indifference which puzzles the British as much as it irritates them. They find it difficult to understand how it could be possible—as it could—that the United States should build a huge navy without this fact's meaning that the mass of the people had become militaristic, but merely that they had sleepily acquiesced to the pleas of a little group of jingoes. Equally beyond British comprehension is the fact that most Americans do not especially care what Europe thinks of them, and are not much concerned to put that continent right as to its more grievous misinterpretations. In short, Great Britain can no more understand the psychological effects of geographical isolation than we can comprehend the results of her perilous position.

There are plenty of cynics, of course, who argue that war between Great Britain and the United States is inevitable, that nothing human intelligence can devise can either hasten or postpone it very much. Britain, they say, has been the world's leading power; today, America is taking first place, and "never in history has the scepter been allowed to pass without a struggle." Or they point to competition in the world's markets, or to the fight for raw materials such as petroleum and rubber, or to friction over the war debt, or to the inevitable struggle between two great empires for "spheres

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of influence," explicit or implicit, and for prestige in general. No one can deny that these are serious sources of potential conflict; but it is a needless counsel of despair to assume that they must inevitably lead to a struggle, or that they are beyond the control of intelligence. In any case, nothing has altered in the last year or two in regard to any of these matters to justify the marked lowering of the international temperature. The only real difficulty on the horizon has to do with naval armament, which is not itself a primary but a secondary cause of friction; that is, navies exist to back up nations' demands upon one another in regard to other matters, and are not, in theory at least, a cause of friction in and of themselves.

It is daily growing more apparent that all the recent negotiations between the two countries have been bungled from the point of view of maintaining real harmony. It should now be axiomatic that admirals cannot conduct conferences devoted to peace and disarmament and ought not to be allowed to try. Even more important, however, is the necessity of going behind all the technical questions of armament, tonnage, sizes of ships, naval bases, gun elevation and the rest of it, to a consideration in joint conference of the vital question, What are these navies for? For what purpose are all these ships being built and these men trained? If it is not to fight each other, what other purpose is there? And if it is to fight each other, why? Under what circumstances is war likely to arise? What can be done to solve in other ways the conflicts which seem likely to lead to such a catastrophe? Compared to this question, naval disarmament, or the attainment of a mythical parity, is of next to no importance; yet this is the very matter which has heretofore been ignored by the governments. Their motive may have been laudable; they may have hesitated to cry "Fire" in a crowded theater. But the point is that this theater *is* on fire, and the only real question is whether the audience shall be warned in time to save itself in an orderly fashion, or shall remain in ignorance until it is too late for anything but panic and disaster. The English, by their frank discussion of the war danger, are helping to break the taboo. Let us hope it will remain broken long enough to permit a realistic discussion of the dangers which threaten Anglo-American relations.

A Scientific Labor Movement?

THE fifteenth annual meeting of the Taylor Society, held last week in New York, brought forth a point of view that we hope will be as prophetic of the future of American industry as was the work of the engineer in whose honor the Society was founded—Frederick E. Taylor, popularly credited with being the father of "efficiency." That a realization of this hope would not, indeed, revolutionize industrial practice must be admitted by those who understand the real disparity between the skill of this comparatively small group of management engineers and the actual conduct of most industrial establishments. "Scientific management," in the true sense of the words, has gone far beyond the elementary conceptions of time-and-motion-study with which it started, and now embraces the intelligent ordering of the whole of industrial administrations. American industry in general is far from being an expression of its ideals; in fact, only a very few establishments are scientifically managed according to the present standards of the leading management engineers. Still, it cannot be denied that many of the seeds broadcast by Taylor and his successors have flowered in waste places, far from the cultivation of those who know best how to tend them.

The new ideas discussed at the meeting have to do, strangely enough, far more with the problems which are agitating organized labor and social scientists than with those which seem to be of present concern to the owners and managements of great industrial enterprises. We say, strangely enough, since the most dramatic aspect of the early history of the Taylor philosophy was a bitter struggle by organized workers against what they conceived it to be. Yet, this hostility was at the time less significant than the undramatic indifference of most practical industrialists, and was later outgrown when President Green of the American Federation of Labor addressed the Society and offered the coöperation of labor in furthering means to increase productivity.

The address last week of the retiring President of the Society, Mr. Morris L. Cooke, put forth a number of daring propositions. He confessed that the attitude of management which goes ahead without concern as to what may happen to the trade-union movement cannot be regarded as sound. Even if the activities of a manager or an engineer are negatively "satisfactory to the unions," they cannot be thought to have passed the test of professional conduct any more than if they had merely satisfied employers. Mr. Cooke asked the question whether management has not a positive responsibility in helping to strengthen and aid organized labor in its proper objectives. "If we should come to look upon some organization of the workers, such as labor unions, as a deep social need, might it not develop that practices, however otherwise enlightened they may be, which withdraw any group of employees from the support of such organizations may become anti-social?" If this question be answered in the affirmative, "any employer setting up working standards even *above* those demanded by labor organizations—and resisting the effective organization of his employees, may in fact be acting without a due regard for this deep social need." One who holds this belief could no longer say that a certain plant or industry did not need union organization because its wages were high, its hours

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short, or it engaged in excellent welfare work. He would be chary in commending schemes for old-age pensions or unemployment insurance which were carried on without the participation of organized labor or tended to forestall unionization. Like the late "Golden Rule Nash," he would not be content to thwart the progress of labor elsewhere by setting up a model non-union shop of his own.

Naturally, however, if unions are to be thus encouraged, with the goals of the engineer in mind—indeed, if they are themselves to be able to take advantage of such help—they must learn how to thrive in an atmosphere of coöperation, they must not have to depend for vitality on conflict and opposition. This implies their development of a recognized status and a function in industry. Mr. Cooke asks, "As professional management engineers should we not include within our field the development of those techniques by which the various organizations of workers can be given a place in the industrial process consistent with all that science is in the way of contributing to industry? . . . The leadership and current practices of the grouped workers will be just as open to our analysis and criticism as the manufacturers and their techniques have always been. I suppose too we would have to be as callous to the buffetings of those workers who did not value our cogitations as we have been to the indifference and misunderstanding of the employer group."

Mr. Cooke, while not specifically committing himself as to the type of labor organization which should be encouraged, pronounced clearly in favor of one with "a national basis and regional and local subdivisions," rather than one "restricted to a single plant or the plants owned by a single company." If this means anything, at present, it means the American Federation of Labor, with its constituent unions. But mere collective bargaining over wages and hours, however necessary or successful, would not, he believes, be sufficient for his purpose. How can grouped labor achieve a functional place in the management of industry? That, he feels, is the great unsolved problem before the engineers. He does not fear for the prerogatives of management in any such endeavor. "Most of us act under very serious misapprehensions as to the unfailing wisdom of management, the singleness of its purpose, and as to its being untrammeled in reaching its decisions." And again, "I should dislike to believe that there is any such decisive distinction between the characteristics and prerogatives of management on the one hand, and the characteristics and prerogatives of the grouped workers on the other, such as would preclude the interweaving of their efforts along functional lines."

So far, however startling these sentiments may appear to the average employer, there is little new or unacceptable in them to a labor movement which has initiated and endorsed such things as the Baltimore and Ohio experiment, or some of the activities of the Amalgamated Clothing Workers. But Mr. Cooke contributes a further idea which deserves serious reflection not only by engineers, but by organized labor as well. "I have come," he said, "almost to dread the typical expert in industry because his knowledge of processes and techniques, usually at the disposal of those who pay most for the service, simply adds to what is now recognized to be the rapidly growing disparity in bargaining power between the ownership and the workers. . . . The transference of skill, intensive mechanization and standardization of process and product have markedly influenced the division of power between employer and employee." Hence the conclusion that "with the advance of science even the safeguarding of individual rights and human freedom itself may have become largely a technical problem —no longer wholly the task of untutored minute men or of labor leaders, no matter how deep their devotion." Here is a challenge to labor to avail itself of more science, not merely in the processes of industry, but in its own methods of organization, in its planning and strategy. Mr. Cooke, as an engineer, himself volunteers the comment that in spite of his lack of trust in company unions or other employer-inspired labor organizations, he does not unquestioningly approve all the policies of the standard unions. "I regret their 'craft sectarianism and job separatism' and their failure to develop the tool of research and particularly their failure to provide adequately for experimentation in the matter of organization in a changing world."

It will be easy enough for standpat labor leaders to denounce such gratuitous advice by outsiders, especially when the outsiders are engineers habitually attached to employers. Yet the new situations with which unions have to cope in industry remain to hamper the growth and effectiveness of the movement. Organized labor must, if it is to survive and operate in a world of increasing technology, avail itself more and more of the services of the technologist. Narrow defense of the territory already won will not suffice. Only in so far as labor prepares itself to assume a functional place in industry can the basic human values of the union movement be made effective in the future. The stagnation of the American labor movement in general has already stimulated the activities of those radical elements within the unions which the leaders of labor so bitterly denounce. But have not these activities been possible largely because the historic labor movement has left a vacuum to be filled? Must not the leaders in power assume the responsibility for organizing the workers so effectively that the disruptionists have little opportunity? And if so, should they not endeavor with all their might to avail themselves of the help of those experts who know modern industry most intimately, and have given convincing proof of their ability to improve its organization from the point of view of the employer?

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Paxton Hibben

AT THE funeral of Paxton Hibben on December 8 were gathered the representatives of a great number of the movements of protest in America which the newspapers call radical. Not since the death of Randolph Bourne, almost ten years ago, has there been such a gathering. It bore witness to the variety of interests in Paxton Hibben's life, and the esteem and affection in which he was held by his associates in all of them. It reminded one of the fact that there is in America, if not a radical movement, at least a current in our life in opposition to the prevailing acceptance of the conventional view on all matters, social and esthetic, to the worship of success.

Paxton Hibben's own career was a flashing example of this protest. It might be said of him, as Sabatier says of Saint Francis, that he made it his preoccupation to escape from the commonplace. He was born among "the best people," the conventionally ruling class. He was educated at Princeton and at the Harvard Law School. He entered the diplomatic service and was at various times secretary of legation and chargé d'affaires in Russia, Mexico, Holland, Columbia and Chile. He retired to enter journalism, and during the War and later, was foreign correspondent for Collier's, the Associated Press, Leslie's Weekly and the Chicago Tribune. He served in the Army with the rank of captain, and was later secretary of the Russian Committee of the Near East Relief. It was as a journalist that he found himself in public opposition to the views to which he was committed by his class, education and position. As correspondent of the Associated Press in Athens during the early years of the War he undertook to represent the case of Greece against the machinations and coercive measures of the Entente. Later he developed intense sympathy with the Russian Revolution. His attitude in these matters and others brought him the unmitigated hostility of powerful interests and closed one door after another to a promising future.

The later career of Paxton Hibben is a story of lost causes. In his book "Constantine I and the Greek People," he told of the effort of the king to maintain the neutrality of his kingdom. The book died promptly, and Hibben believed that it was in consequence of representations of the British Foreign Office to the State Department. In view of the disgraceful complacency of American authorities and public opinion to British influence at the time, this opinion has at least plausibility. As an officer of the American Army he gave much time to sitting with Inspector General Bradley in the long investigation of the operations of the Y. M. C. A. in the War, with reference to the discrepancy between the actual facts and the publicity by which that organization was enabled to take vast sums from the American public. Certain influences resulted in the burying of the report in the files of the War Department. He had to fight, before a military Court of Inquiry, charges growing out of his friendship for Soviet Russia and affecting his personal honor and loyalty as an officer of the Army. His acquittal was but an incomplete reparation for the injury done him. He published his own report on the famine in Russia, although he was warned, and truly, that it would result in his dismissal from his position in the Near East Relief. When Mr. Hoover was engaged in crushing all independent and subsidiary efforts to assist Russia, in favor of the American Relief Association, he gallantly kept his Committee for the Relief of Russian Children at work, and transmitted some $400,000 to Russia. Later he turned his talents as investigator and writer to biography, and produced, in the life of Henry Ward Beecher, one of the most penetrating studies of American character and background. Here again he ran counter to the protective instinct of society. Almost his last public effort was in behalf of Sacco and Vanzetti, when he was one of the little band who defied arrest by the Boston police to avert, if possible, the commission of judicial murder.

Paxton Hibben was not by nature a bohemian or a revolutionist. He enjoyed the pleasures of the life to which he was born, the consideration, the social amenities, the friendships. He was ambitious, fastidious, intellectual, artistic. No more severe test can be offered to a man of Hibben's temperament and training than that he should renounce all that is implied in the life of his class at the voice of a monitor which bade him see things as they are and speak out boldly, especially in the cause of the weak and helpless. This renunciation Hibben made, and made without bitterness, with a certain cheerfulness and gaiety which kept for him, in many cases, the affection and the respect of opponents who were determined to crush him. An aristocrat and a proletarian he was in both senses of the word, a comrade. He lost many battles, but he lost them with a smile. Amid all the shattering effects of his experience of frustration he showed the world an undaunted face and bearing. And in this achievement his associates of all classes can take pride.

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Seattle

A Harbor without a Hinterland

THERE she sits, "Queen of the West!" Like that ancient, imperial Queen of the West before the West was East, Seattle sprawls over her Seven Hills, pets her pride, and makes her boasts in the shadow of lordly mountains. Lake Washington, eighty miles around, is a shining mirror for her regal beauty; Lake Union is a gleaming jewel for her girdle; and Elliott Bay, her green crescent door-mat, leads outward to the spacious waters of the Sound.

The jagged Olympics are her westward outposts, looking across the blue Pacific toward the Orient, that rich Hispania of the twentieth century waiting to be gutted by trade as Old Spain was rifled by Roman legions. To the east, the martial Cascade peaks, clad in royal forest-purple and helmeted with snow, keep perpetual watch and ward over their proud mistress. Mt. Rainier (named for a fat English admiral who never saw the mountain) holds himself aloof from human eyes most of the time, but occasionally the glory of his 15,000 feet bursts through the haze and mist. The Indians called him Tak-ho-mah (The Mountain that was God) and the citizens of Tacoma have spent many years and dollars trying to get the Indian name on the maps. Seattle, however, has blocked every move to change the name. The English admiral and the Queen City still hold the peak, although the view of it is clearer, closer, and more frequent from Tacoma.

When God set Paul Bunyan to work making the Puget Sound country, He doubtless had the new Queen City of the West in mind. The site of the city is admirably fitted to make the most of lakes, mountains, and Sound. Almost every house on every hill has "A View." The islands, bays, and lakeshores provide endless places for beautiful summer homes and resorts, where fishing, boating, bathing, and tramping are possible all the year. Fresh and salt-water dockage and harborage are unlimited. Through the canal connecting the two lakes with the Sound, great ships may go and lose their accumulated barnacles and other sea-foulage while loading and unloading in the very heart of the city.

The climate, too—note well!—leaves little to be desired. It is seldom hot and never cold. In spite of the forty-or-so inches of rain per year, the humidity is low and the summer months are little cursed with rain. Snow seldom falls; there are no electric storms, no tornadoes, no earthquakes—as yet—no floods, blizzards, drouths, or other meteorological damnation. Gentle breezes, stately conifers, lush leafy trees, beautiful flowers; all kinds of hunting and fishing within a couple of hours' drive; great natural resources of scenery, timber, coal, iron, and rich, though limited, agricultural land.

So much for the raw material upon which realtoric fauna thrive. Seattle is their Promised Land. Next to Los Angeles there is probably no city in the West where the professional and lay "realtors" so nearly merit the alleged etymology of the word —*real,* royal; *toro,* bull. Enterprise has stalked abroad; the hills have been washed down to make them habitable; the mud-flats have been filled up by this washing down, and by dredging up the bottom of the Sound. These thousands of acres of reclaimed industrial sites are pointed to with pride, even though they are still largely devoid of factories. Signs bid you "Welcome to the Charméd Land" and tell you to come again; signs say "A Half-Million in 1930" (they said "A Half-Million in 1924," and also "in 1928"); newspapers gloat over the rise in bank clearings and building permits, especially when they show excess over the corresponding figures for Portland, gains on Los Angeles, and improvements over "A Year Ago." The proud citizen boasts of the climate—it explains the lower-than-the-U.-S.-average death rate and the very low rate of infant mortality. The "effete East" is explained in terms of climate, and even Los Angeles is held to be deficient therein, being, in fact, the very vestibule to Hades in the opinion of the true Seattleite. Tacoma is a "suburb" of Seattle, and Portland is cursed with rain (sic!), has no harbor, and hence no future—is, in reality, a mere puff of air, rose-scented.

But unkind men have hinted that there are some things lacking in Seattle, that gall and wormwood are mixed with the nectar in the charméd land, and even that Someone Blundered in making the Puget Sound country, to wit:

1. For nine months, the rain it raineth every day, and the fog it foggeth also.

2. The Emerald Hills, they slide eternally, so that a man's front yard may be found in his neighbor's back yard ever and anon, and *vice versa.*

3. Grading and regrading are ever-present burdens on the defenseless taxpayer. At the present time the city is nearly insolvent, what with mastering the natural environment, buying street railways at fearful and wonderful prices in the face of increasing automotive transportation, buying power sites for a "City of a Million in the Near Future," preparing the harbor for all the trans-Pacific trade, and seeking to actualize other dreams. But bonds

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are harsh taskmasters and interest must be paid.

4. The Finest Harbor in the World has no hinterland. Three-fourths of the area of Washington is naturally tributary to Portland. The same is true of the whole Inland Empire, including all of Idaho, part of Nevada, Utah, and Canada—in short, all of the Columbia basin. Jim Hill, the godfather of Seattle, once said that the freight outlet for the Columbia basin eventually must be through the Port of Astoria. He backed his judgment with many millions, built the North Bank road into Portland and erected a great terminal at the mouth of the Columbia. He believed that the greatest population concentration in the Northwest would ultimately be somewhere on the lower Columbia.

For a long time Seattle flourished by differential rates. It was cheaper to ship freight over the High Cascades into Seattle than it was to follow the water grade to Portland. But those halcyon days are no more. The Great Northern is attempting to meet the situation by boring a twelve-mile tunnel under the mountains. The foresighted Seattle business men are trying to promote a highway tunnel under the Cascades to drain eastern Washington and northern Idaho into Seattle. These look like gestures of desperation, but with the ictus of prestige and the punch of promotion it may work. The result is on the laps of the traffic gods, but it seems unlikely that tunnels can permanently counteract the pull of gravity down the Columbia. The differential grade may win now that the differential rates are gone. "All roads lead to Rome," but they lead over exceeding high mountains. The natural roads lead to Portland down the Columbia. Tunnels that cannot reach the water-grade do not make good Appian Ways.

So there she sits—Queen City of the West, ruling over one of the (many) finest harbors with a (comparatively) dwindling trans-Pacific fleet. Vancouver, Prince Rupert, Portland-Astoria, San Francisco, and even Los Angeles, are disputing her aspiration for hegemony in the oriental trade. Hemmed in by mountains, she must increasingly seek her destiny in fish, forest, and tourist, rather than in transcontinental and trans-Pacific commerce. She will probably reach her million in time —but not in 1940.

If a city may be said to have a personality, one might say that Seattle is characterized by vast egoism and vaunting ambition in the face of great obstacles and many disappointments. In 1851, John N. Low and Lee Terry came up from Portland and laid out a town-site at Alki Point on Elliott Bay. A hint of the "Seattle spirit" is suggested in the name they gave to the new town—New York. But it did not flourish as they anticipated, so they changed the name to "New York Alki," the latter word meaning "By-and-by." It was not long until the town was moved across the bay to the present site of Seattle and named Seattle in honor of Chief Sealth, a noble red man who was consistently friendly to the whites up to his death in 1889. Every year an impressive memorial service is held over his grave.

One of the first blows of misfortune fell upon the city in 1889, when it was completely destroyed by fire. But the citizens immediately held a mass-meeting and planned to build a "Bigger and Better Seattle," and soon came magic days. In '98 the Arctic Golconda began to pour its treasures into the lap of the hill-throned queen. In 1900, the population was over 80,000. By 1910, Seattle had passed through one of the greatest booms in the history of any city.

A second blow soon fell, however. Perhaps it was the natural reaction from the Exposition boom, or the belated effects of the panic of 1908, or the decline of the Alaska excitement, or a combination of all these factors. For several years after 1909 there was a decided slump, until the War made increased demands for timber products and the Finest Harbor came into its own. Shipbuilding, aeroplane spruce, and naval training then all played their part. It is true the Wobblies were still in evidence, giving Carleton Parker a chance to make a bid for fame. There was a marked depression shortly after the War, characterized by some unpleasantness such as the Great General Strike, when Ole Hanson "saved the city from the Reds," water-front strikes, Centralia "massacres" and lynching, Bellingham Wobbly riots, much unemployment, large-scale bootlegging, street-railway purchases, purchase of power sites that cannot be used, *et al.* These menaces have all been safely overcome.

Some things of interest emerged from the above catalogue of horrors. In the first place, Ole Hanson, having "saved the city from the Reds," reaped his just reward on lecture tour and by being mentioned for Vice-President in 1920. It is alleged that he was also instrumental in getting the city to pay $16,000,000 for a street railway, without enough electric power to run it, worth about half that sum. The city had to build its own light and power plants to run the street-railway system. In spite of the bad buy, the street-car service is good and at least as cheap as in most cities that have private systems. The light and power rates are much lower.

In the second place, as an aftermath of the water-front strikes, the Waterfront Employers Association learned some lessons. They put their employment in the hands of a Mr. Foisie, a trained social worker with vision and organizing genius. The result is an almost complete decasualization of longshore work. A large percentage of the workers own their own homes and are contented, progressive citizens. Mr. Foisie's methods are being widely adopted.

Thirdly, the great bootlegging ring organized by an ex-police lieutenant, Roy Olmstead, was recently rounded up by federal agents. Olmstead is doing

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a short term for his activities, alleged to have involved from four to ten million dollars. Largely as a result of the notoriety from the Olmstead case, Bertha K. Landes, wife of the Dean of the College of Science at the State University, was elected Mayor on a clean-up platform, ably backed by the Women's City Club and the Municipal League. Both the organizations named, and particularly the latter, have furnished a hopeful political leaven in the affairs of the city—not always thoroughly appreciated, however, as is attested by the twice-repeated defeat of the League's city-manager plan and the summary dismissal of Frank J. Laube, now secretary of the League, from his position on the faculty of the University because he allowed his name to appear upon the city's primary ballot.

Mrs. Landes' administration, while not completely successful in its clean-up program, acquitted itself on the whole very creditably; the police department, under suspicion in the Olmstead case, was reorganized and some of the more notorious dives were closed. It is doubtful whether the "clean-up" was very thorough or permanent, but prostitution, gambling, and bootlegging were at least driven under cover.

In March of this year Mrs. Landes was landslided out of office to the tune of 20,000 votes out of about 90,000 cast. Her opponent spent (or at least reported) about $28,000, while Mrs. Landes spent nearly $13,000 as against her salary of $15-000 for her two years as mayor. It is difficult to explain her defeat. All the leading papers, the Municipal League, women's clubs, and all the forces of respectability supported her. The consensus of opinion seems to be that she was defeated because of a deep-seated prejudice against women in politics. Seattle and its woman mayor had become a stock Pullman-smoker joke. So the first woman mayor of a major American city makes her exit.

Seattle's tenderloin district is called the "Skid-road," or more commonly, "Below the Line." Here fruit-pickers, harvest hands, loggers, sailors, hoboes, "gobs," casuals of every sort, are gathered in great numbers. Seattle is winter quarters for most of the casual workers and unemployed of the whole Northwest. Yesler Way, named for the man who built the first saw-mill in Seattle, runs through the heart of the district. The forty-two-story Smith Building, still the pride of Seattle's magnificent skyline, towers above a motley array of cheap shows, dance-halls, card rooms, pool-rooms, "slave markets," cheap rooming houses, blind-pigs, missions, pawnshops, second-hand stores, shooting galleries run by scantily clad, highly painted ladies, quack medicine joints, houses of ill-fame, and other indices of disorganization. This used to be the center of the city, but due to the northward movement, it has become a sink-hole for the down-and-outers—Seattle's Hobohemia. It is adjacent to Jap-town, China-town, Negro-town, the railroad yards, the County-City Building and the city jail.

On any Saturday night, one may hear "Derby Dan Kelly," the Cockney Communist orator, haranguing his cohorts of discontent. The Wobbly Spielers and the "Jesus Jazzers," as he calls them, are his particular enemies. They all try to drown his profane words of wisdom with holy words, salvation songs and blatant brass; he merely moves to another corner and takes most of the crowd with him. Likewise, the "Long-Haired Preachers" are often in evidence. They are a group of religious devotees, shoeless, unshaven and unshorn, who make a specialty of preaching to bare stone walls the doctrine that "Many now living will never see death." Their Prophet is one Daniel Sawlt, a patriarchal dissenter from the House of David.

In contrast to the above conditions, there are numerous Forces of Righteousness. The Catholics have orphanages, old peoples' homes, cathedrals and other institutions on the tops of most of the many hills. In a noble edifice on the brow of Capitol Hill, the Reverend Mark A. Matthews, a stately silver-haired and silver-tongued orator and a godly man, holds the largest Presbyterian congregation in the world spell-bound with the gospel of Fundamentalism. He, like Aimee McPherson, has his own broadcasting station. Below the citadel of the Ancient Gospel, the Reverend Mr. Hawkins preaches extreme Modernism in the Pilgrim Congregational Church. At one time, he had on his staff Dr. J. J. B. Morgan, an eminent psychiatrist, who played the part of a Modernist father confessor in adjusting disturbed personalities and applying psychiatric balm to wounded souls. Out in the university district, the Methodists are building a million-dollar "Temple and Plant" on the very edge of the campus. Their pastor is a real liberal who began life as a child laborer in the coal mines of Cornwall. The University Y. M. C. A. was also a rather liberal place until recently. It gave forum privileges to Scott Nearing, Albert Weisborg, Kenneth Lindsay, *et al.* Soon after, the ambitious secretary lost his official head.

The Queen City has not neglected the cultural side of life in her scramble for population and commercial power. Her libraries and schools are first-class. The latter, however, are carefully protected from the pernicious influence of married women-teachers, none of whom may be employed. The University of Washington has about 10,000 students, a first-rate football team, a monster stadium, and a sometimes Champion Crew. The city boasts of a Civic Opera, a fair symphony orchestra, and is now building a million-dollar civic auditorium. It has a fine outlay of city parks, golf links, playgrounds, and bathing beaches. Washington, D. C., is the only city that has more park area per capita than Seattle. Seattle is also the proud possessor of a fine monument on the very spot where the late lamented noble martyred President, Warren G. Harding, made his last public address.

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It looks out upon the Zoo, where monkeys and laughing hyenas gibber and howl.

In discussing the cultural side of life, one must not neglect the Mountaineers, an organization to which every true Seattleite belongs. Its function is to organize trips "to scenic points," leading the fair, frail, and fat, clad in thick shirts, high shoes and "tin breeches," up to the tops of high mountains, where they admire the view and in due course slide down upon the leather seats of their pants.

Nor must one neglect to mention the up-and-coming Chamber of Commerce which has lately given one of its own second-Vice-Presidents to become President of the University of Washington, presumably under the advice and protection of His Excellency, Governor Roland G. Hartley, who fired President Suzzallo and the whole Board of Regents for no reason thus far divulged. The Lions, Kiwanians, Rotarians and Realtors make minor music for the Chamber of Commerce's diapason booming.

The Wobblies are destroyed, the unions are much decayed, the Tunnels are being built, building is booming, the Mountain can be seen (sometimes), the Tourists are coming, the fish are being caught—things are looking up in the Puget Sound country. Seattle may reach her half-million yet. She surely has the will, is earnest, honest, and persevering—she *must* succeed or the Chamber of Commerce philosophy is all wrong.

READ BAIN.

Impressions of Soviet Russia

VI: *The Great Experiment and the Future*

TO SUM up one's impressions about Russia is of necessity to engage in speculations about its future. Even the belief that has inspired what I have hitherto written, namely, that the most significant aspect of the change in Russia is psychological and moral, rather than political, involves a look into an unrevealed future. While the belief is doubtless to be accounted for by contacts that were one-sided, with educational people, not with politicians and economists, still there is good authority for it. Lenin himself expressed the idea that with the accomplishment of the Revolution the Russian situation underwent a great transformation. Before it had taken place, it was Utopian, he said, to suppose that education and voluntary coöperation could achieve anything significant. The workers had first to seize power. But when they had the reins of government in their hands, there took place "a radical change in our point of view toward Socialism. It consists in this, that formerly the center of gravity had to be placed in the political struggle and the conquest of power. Now this center of gravity is displaced in the direction of pacific cultural work. I should be ready to say that it is now moving toward intellectual work, were it not for our international relations, and the necessity of defending our position in the international system. If we neglect that phase and confine ourselves to internal economic relations, the center of gravity of our work already consists in intellectual work." He went on to say that the cause of socialism is now, economically speaking, identical with that of the promotion of coöperation, and added the significant words: "Complete cooperation is not possible without an intellectual revolution."

Further testimony to the same effect developed in an interview some of us had with Krupskaia, Lenin's widow, an official at the head of one branch of the government department of education, and naturally a person with great prestige. Considering her position, her conversation was strangely silent upon matters of school organization and administration; it was about incidents of a human sort that had occurred in her contact with children and women, incidents illustrative of their desire for education and for new light and life—evincing an interest on her part that was quite congruous with her distinctly maternal, almost housewifely type. But at the close she summed up the task of the present regime: Its purpose is, she said, to enable every human being to obtain personal cultivation. The economic and political revolution that has taken place was not the end; it was the means and basis of a cultural development still to be realized. It was a necessary means, because without economic freedom and equality, the full development of the possibilities of all individuals could not be achieved. But the economic change was for the sake of enabling every human being to share to the full in all the things that give value to human life.

Even in the economic situation the heart of the problem is now intellectual and educational. This is true in the narrower sense that the present industrial scheme and plan cannot possibly be carried through without preparation of skilled technicians in all lines, industrial and administrative. What Wells said about the world is peculiarly true of Russia; there is a race between education and catastrophe—that is, industrial breakdown. It is also true in a fundamental sense that the plan cannot be carried through without change in the desires and beliefs of the masses. Indeed, it seems to me

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that the simplest and most helpful way to look at what is now going on in Russia is to view it as an enormous psychological experiment in transforming the motives that inspire human conduct.

There are, of course, two points of view from which it is not a genuine experiment, since its issue is foredoomed. The fanatic of individual capitalistic business for private gain and the Marxian dogmatic fanatic both have the answer ready in advance. According to the first, the attempt is destined to failure; it is fated to produce, in the words of Mr. Hoover, an "economic vacuum"; according to the latter, the transformation from individualism to collectivism of action is the absolute and inevitable result of the working of laws that are as positively known to social "science" as, say, the law of gravitation to physical science. Not being an absolutist of either type, I find it more instructive to regard it as an experiment whose outcome is quite undetermined, but that is, just as an experiment, by all means the most interesting one going on upon our globe—though I am quite frank to say that for selfish reasons I prefer seeing it tried in Russia rather than in my own country.

Both beliefs in their dogmatic form have served a purpose. The first—the "individualistic" philosophy—has enabled men to put up with the evils of the present order of things. If it is as fixed as human nature, and if human nature is built upon the pattern our present economic order manifests, there is nothing to do but bear up as best we can. The Marxian philosophy gave men faith and courage to challenge this regime. But ignoring both of these dogmatic faiths, I should say that what is going on in Russia is an experiment having two purposes. The first and more immediate aim is to see whether human beings can have such guarantees of security *against* want, illness, old age, and *for* health, recreation, reasonable degree of material ease and comfort, given them by social conditions that they will not have to struggle for purely personal acquisition and accumulation, without, in short, the strain of competitive struggle for personal profit. In its ulterior reaches, it is an experiment to discover whether the familiar democratic ideals —familiar in words, at least—of liberty, equality and brotherhood will not be most completely realized in a social regime based on voluntary coöperation, by conjoint workers' control and management of industry, with the accompanying abolition of private property as a fixed institution—a somewhat different matter, of course, from the abolition of private possessions as such. The relation of the more primary and the more ulterior aims brings us back to the idea that the economic revolution is not final, an end in itself, but is a means to the realization of a universal "culture," in which direct sharing in the management of work is a necessary part and precondition.

It was at this point that my own antecedent notions—or, if you will, prejudices—underwent their most complete reversal. I had the notion that socialistic communism was essentially a purely economic scheme. The notion was fostered by the almost exclusive attention paid by Socialists in western countries to economic questions, and by the loudly self-proclaimed "economic materialism" of Marxian Communists. I was, therefore, almost totally unprepared for what I actually found: namely, that, at least in the circles with which I came in contact (which, however, included some working men as well as educators), the development of "cultivation" and realization of the possibility of everyone's sharing in it was the dominant note. It turned out, most astonishingly, that only in "bourgeois" countries are Socialists primarily concerned with improving the material conditions of the working classes, as if occupied with a kind of public as distinct from private philanthropy in raising wages, bettering housing conditions, reducing hours of labor, etc. Not, of course, that the present Russian regime is not also occupied with such matters, but that it is so definitely concerned with expanding and enlarging the actual content of life. Indeed, I could not but feel (though I can offer no convincing objective proof) that foreign visitors who have emphasized widespread poverty as a ground for predicting the downfall of the present regime are off the track. In the first place, poverty is so much the historic heritage of the masses that they are not especially conscious of the pinching of this particular shoe; and in the next place, there are large numbers, especially of the younger generation, who are so devoted to the human and moral ideal of making free cultivation universal that they do not mind the pinch; they do not feel it as a sacrifice.

Perhaps I should have been prepared to find this attitude. That the movement in Russia is intrinsically religious was something I had often heard and that I supposed I understood and believed. But when face to face with actual conditions, I was forced to see that I had not understood it at all. And for this failure, there were two causes, as far as I can make out—I am, of course, only confessing my own limitations. One was that, never having previously witnessed a widespread and moving religious reality, I had no way of knowing what it actually would be like. The other was that I associated the idea of Soviet Communism, as a religion, too much with intellectual theology, the body of Marxian dogma with its professed economic materialism, and too little with a moving human aspiration and devotion. As it is, I feel as if for the first time I might have some inkling of what may have been the moving spirit and force of primitive Christianity. I even hate to think of the time, that seems humanly inevitable, when this new faith will also have faded into the light of common day, and become conventional and stereotyped. I am quite prepared to hear that I exaggerate this phase of affairs; I am prepared to believe that, because

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of the unexpectedness of the impression, I have exaggerated its relative importance. But all such allowances being made, I still feel sure that no one can understand the present movement who fails to take into account its religious ardor. That men and women who profess "materialism" should in fact be ardent "idealists" is undoubtedly a paradox, but one that indicates that a living faith is more important than the symbols by which it tries to express itself. Intellectual formulæ seem to be condemned to have about them something pathetically irrelevant; they are so largely affected by accidents of history. In any case, it is hard not to feel a certain envy for the intellectual and educational workers in Russia; not, indeed, for their material and economic status, but because a unified religious social faith brings with it such a simplification and integration of life. "Intellectuals" in other countries have a task that is, if they are sincere, chiefly critical; those who have identified themselves in Russia with the new order have a task that is total and constructive. They are organic members of an organic going movement.

The sense of disparity between the Soviet official theology, the Marxian doctrines, and the living religious faith in human possibilities when released from warping economic conditions, remains. A similar disparity seems to have attended all vital movements hitherto undertaken. They have had their intellectual formulations; but the use of these has been to provide a protective shell for emotions. Any prediction about the Russian future has to take into account the contradiction and conflict between rigid dogmas on the one side and an experimental spirit on the other. Which will win, it is impossible to say. But I cannot but suppose that the Russian people will, in the end, through a series of adaptations to actual conditions as they develop, build something new in the form of human association. That this will be communistic in the sense of the leaders of the Revolution, I doubt; that it will be marked by a high degree of voluntary cooperation and by a high degree of social control of the accumulation and use of capital, seems to be probable. Symbols, however, have a great way of persisting and of adapting themselves to changes in fact, as the histories of Christianity and democracy both show. So, unless there is some remarkable breach of continuity, it is likely that the outcome, whatever it may be in fact, will be called Communism and will be taken as a realization of the creed of its initial authors.

Education affords, once more, the material for a striking illustration of the role of experiment in the future evolution of Soviet Russia. In a region something less than a hundred miles from Moscow, there is a district fairly typical of northern rural Russia, in which there is an educational colony under the direction of Schatzky. This colony is the center of some fourteen schools scattered through a series of villages, which, taken together, constitute an extensive (and intensive) educational experiment station for working out materials and methods for the Russian rural system. There is not in my knowledge anything comparable to it elsewhere in the world. As the summer colony was in operation, we had the satisfaction of visiting the station and also noting its effect on the villages that have come under its influence. A somewhat similar undertaking under Pistrak exists in Moscow to deal with the problems of urban workers. It was closed on account of the vacation period, and so my knowledge is not at first hand. But it is in active and successful operation. Then, as has been noted, each province has its own experimental station to deal with specifically local problems. These enterprises are under the government, having its sanction and authoritative prestige. There is also in existence a Supreme Scientific Council having a pedagogical section. The duties of this Scientific Council are in general to form plans for the social and economic development of Russia; the program, while flexible, looks ahead over a term of years and includes much detail based on researches that are continuously conducted. Of this undertaking, probably the first in the world to attempt scientific regulation of social growth, the pedagogical section is an organic member; its business is to sift and audit the results of the educational experiments that are carried on and to give them a form in which they may be directly incorporated into the school system of the country. The fact that both Schatzsky and Pistrak are members of this Council ensures that conclusions reached in the experiment stations receive full attention.

This matter is referred to here rather than in the account of Soviet education to which it properly belongs, in order to suggest, through a concrete example, that, however rigid and dogmatic the Marxian symbols may be, actual practices are affected by an experimental factor that is flexible, vital, creative. In this connection it may be worth while to quote from Pistrak, the words being the more significant because he is a strict party member. "We cannot apply the same rules to every school condition; that procedure would be contrary to the essence of our school. It is indispensable to develop in teachers aptitude for pedagogical creation; without this, it will be impossible to create the new school. The notion that pedagogues are artisans rather than creators seems to us incorrect. Every human being is more or less a creator, and while an individual in isolation may fail to find a creative solution of a problem, in collectivity we are all creators." No one would claim that this ideal is as yet realized, but no one can come in contact with educational activities without feeling that this spirit marks the Russian school leaders to an extent unknown in other countries. In my first article, before coming into any close contact with educational endeavor, I wrote of the feeling of vitality and

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liberation that was got from contact with the face of the Russian scene. The later educational contacts confirmed this surface impression, while they also left the feeling of being initiated into a definite movement in which the new spirit was concretely realizing itself.

I do not believe that any person's particular guess about the exact form of the outcome of the present Russian movement is of any importance; there are too many unknowns in the equation. If I venture to move in the direction of a prediction, it is only by way of calling attention to two movements already going on. The factor of greatest importance seems to me to be the growth of voluntary cooperative groups. In the orthodox theory, these form a transition stage on the road to the predestined end of Marxian Communism. Just why the means should not also be the end, and the alleged transitory stage define the goal, is not clear to me. The place occupied by the peasant in Russian life, the necessity of consulting his interests and desires, however disagreeable that consultation is, the constant concessions made to him in spite of official preference for the city factory worker, strengthen belief in the probability of a coöperative rather than a strictly communistic outcome. Side by side with this factor, though of less immediate practical force, I should place the experimental aspect of the educational system. There is, of course, an immense amount of indoctrination and propaganda in the schools. But if the existing tendency develops, it seems fairly safe to predict that in the end this indoctrination will be subordinate to the awakening of initiative and power of independent judgment, while coöperative mentality will be evolved. It seems impossible that an education intellectually free will not militate against a servile acceptance of dogma as dogma. One hears all the time about the dialectic movement by means of which a movement contradicts itself in the end. I think the schools are a "dialectic" factor in the evolution of Russian Communism.

These remarks do not detract from the significance of the Russian revolutionary movement; rather, in my mind, they add to it, and to the need for study of it by the rest of the world. And it cannot be studied without actual contact. The notion that a sixth of the world can be permanently isolated and "quarantined" is absurd enough, though the consequences of acting upon the absurdity are more likely to be tragic than humorous. But it is even more absurd to suppose that a living idea that has laid hold of a population with the force and quality of a religion can be pushed to one side and ignored. The attempt, if persisted in, will result in an intensification of its destructive features and in failure to derive the advantages that would accrue from knowledge of its constructive features. Political recognition of Russia on the part of the United States would not go far in bringing about the kind of relations that are in the interest of both countries and of the world, but it is at least a necessary antecedent step. I went to Russia with no conviction on that subject except that recognition was in line with our better political traditions. I came away with the feeling that the maintenance of barriers that prevent intercourse, knowledge and understanding is close to a crime against humanity.

The phase of Bolshevism with which one cannot feel sympathy is its emphasis upon the necessity of class war and of world revolution by violence. These features of Soviet Russia tend to recede into the background because of the pressure the authorities are under to do a vastly difficult constructive work in Russia itself. But the spirit that produces them is fed by the belief that the rest of the world are enemies of Soviet Russia; that it must be constantly on the defensive and that the best defense is aggressive attack. I do not think that free intercourse with the rest of the world would cause an immediate disappearance of the idea of stirring up civil war in capitalistic countries. But I am confident that such intercourse would gradually deprive the flame of its fuel, so that it would die down. One derives the impression that the Third International is Russia's own worst enemy, doing harm to it by alienating other peoples' sympathy. Its chief asset, however, is non-recognition. The withdrawal of recognition by Great Britain has done more than any other one thing to stimulate the extremists and fanatics of the Bolshevist faith, and to encourage militarism and hatred of bourgeois nations.

I cannot conclude without mentioning one point that is not strictly connected with the remainder of this summary. In times of peace the Third International does, as I have said, more injury to Russia than to other countries. But if there is a European war, it will, I believe, spring to life as a reality in every European nation. I left Russia with a stronger feeling than I had ever had before of the criminal ineptitude of those statesmen who still play with the forces that generate wars. There is one prediction to which I am willing to commit myself. If there is another European war, under present conditions, civil war will add to the horrors of foreign war in every continental country, and every capital in Europe will be a shambles in which the worst horrors of the days of revolution in Petrograd will be outdone.

JOHN DEWEY.

(This is the sixth and last of a series of articles by Dr. Dewey on present-day Russia. These articles, together with others by him on Mexico, China and Turkey, comprising a broad survey of the post-war revolutionary world, will be published in book form in the New Republic's Dollar Series in the near future.)

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Washington Notes

SMUGLY platitudinous to the end, the good Calvin last week delivered his final message to Congress, and everything in the ten thousand dull words it contained will have been as properly and completely forgotten by the time this appears in print as, under all the rules of probability, he ought to be too, within a reasonably short time. If the Coolidge legend persists after the Coolidge power has gone, it will not, however, surprise me much. After all, 90 percent of the people get their impressions of their Presidents exclusively from the daily newspapers. There is practically no other source that touches them, and when they are as constantly fed such incredible truck as is presented even now about this President, it is not surprising that the erroneous idea becomes indelible. For instance, just a few days ago, several of the most serious-minded and mature of our highly esteemed "corps of correspondents" here in Washington wrote long and ponderous pieces which appeared in quite a few papers, glowingly revealing to the world how the Coolidge conscience compelled Mr. Coolidge in these last few months to "drive himself more relentlessly" than at any previous period of his White House occupancy. It is hard, indeed, to imagine sillier stuff than this, or any with less foundation.

It would not be so amazing if the persons who produce this sort of thing here did not know better. But they do. They know, for instance—or if they do not know they are certainly incompetent, because the whole White House *entourage* is saturated with the knowledge—that the only increase of any kind noted in Mr. Coolidge since the Kansas City convention has been an increase in sourness. As for not leaving any "loose ends" for his successor, loose ends are all he will leave—loose ends on farm relief, World Court, railroad consolidation, coal legislation, peace treaty, Muscle Shoals, Boulder Dam, navy replacements, air defense, and so on. The only place he ties up his loose ends is in these regular messages to Congress, the last of which has happily just gone by. Everywhere else and at all other times, he lets them dangle. The fact is that Herbert, our great "Spiggoty Sojourner," as someone has recently and irreverently referred to him, will have more left-over loose ends when he goes in than any of his predecessors for quite a long time. And he will have no grateful and automatic tax cuts to make the tying-up process easy.

Nor, I think, will his labors be lightened very much by the work of the lame-duck session of Congress, now merrily swinging along in its artless way to the Christmas holidays. There has been considerably more than the usual lot of talk by the so-called leaders as to the program for the short session and the lack of any necessity for an extra session. That vociferous Cincinnati friend of the farmer and "Prince of Good Fellows" who presides over the House has been telling the "boys of the press," with whom he is perennially popular, that after giving the problem profound thought, there seemed to him no reason why the present session should not pass an adequate farm-relief measure. Probably there is no reason why it should not, but the plain fact is, it will not.

The overwhelming weight of opinion seems to be that the farmer will get no relief until Calvin has gone and Herbert has come, that the "Prince of Good Fellows" was indulging himself in some idle but harmless persiflage, the publicity from which did him no harm—and no particular good either—that the plain meaning of the election returns was that the farm-relieving business is up to Herbert, that Herbert cannot possibly do anything about it until the extra session of Congress, and that no one else will.

Such is the considered view of those who are in the best position to assay the situation calmly, some few of whom have rather close relations with the soon-to-be President—or think they have. It is their view, too, that nothing whatever will be done at the present session, save the ratification of the Kellogg peace treaty. Concerning this the prospects seem brightened by what I am told is a bargain struck between some of the leading pacifists who have been putting on the pressure and some of the more important among the big-navy people. The gist of this bargain, which is one of those that cannot be proved, can always be denied, but is none the less real, is that the former have withdrawn their opposition to the Fifteen Cruiser Bill in return for the cessation of hostility by the latter toward the peace treaty. As the Cruiser Bill was unfinished business at the last session, and, therefore, had the right of way, the well meaning pacifists seem to me to have the short end of the bargain, which, taken as a whole, seems a shabby and indefensible one.

At the moment, there is little of real interest in the Washington air—nor can there be much until Herbert puts his solid feet again on our soil. Perhaps by the time this piece appears in print the combination to make the Hon. James Watson of Indiana leader of the Senate majority in place of the Hon. Charles Curtis of Kansas, soon to mount the rostrum, will have been formed and that broad-minded, breast-beating Hoosier statesmen will have moved a step upward on his way to the political heights. If they put the Hon. James over, it will be quite a joke on Herbert—a joke, too, at which he will not laugh very heartily. Because Herbert does not like the Hon. James. Herbert somehow fails to appreciate his noble qualities of mind and heart. When you recall the venomous nature of the Hon. James' opposition to the Hoover nomination and the energetic way in which he spread anti-Hoover poison all over Indiana and adjoining states, perhaps this is not surprising. It will, if they make it, be not only a joke on Herbert, but on the country, too. It will be a sorry choice and perhaps they will not make it, but if they do, this much is to be said—if the Hon. James becomes the leader, Herbert will have no trouble with him. Republican Presidents in office never have trouble with James. They only have trouble while they are trying to get in. It is, however, a little surprising to hear that that splendid young Pennsylvania Senator, David A. Reed, is supporting the Hon. James. Last session, when a great many were severely criticizing Mr. Reed for what seemed a complete loss of the high political standards he was supposed to have brought to the Senate with him, I was told just to wait until after his reëlection in November. Then, it was said, he would be free from fear of the unfortunate Vare and

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would be himself again. His Watson support, if it develops, will strengthen my conviction he never was anyone else but himself.

Speaking of the Hon. Charles Curtis, Vice-President-elect, there is an interesting rumor that he is not at all favorably impressed by the idea of being succeeded in the Senate from Kansas by Mr. Henry J. Allen. If Mr. Curtis blocks the appointment of Mr. Allen by the Kansas Governor, that, too, will be a joke on Herbert, because he does like Henry and Henry is his friend. He was not, it is true, an effective friend in the campaign, and his direction of the Republican publicity was certainly nothing to win him any decorations. But he meant well—everybody grants him that, and in the Senate he would be a Hoover Senator first, last, all the time. However, I cannot find it in my heart to quarrel with Senator Curtis' feeling in the matter of making a Senator of Henry. I do not know enough about Kansas politics to know his real reasons, but personally I do not think Henry's present employment as a Hearst editor exactly qualifies him for the Senate. Personally, I have a feeling that one Hearst man in the Senate at a time is just about enough, and if I am not mistaken, Dr. Copeland of New York will be with us for six more years. Could not Henry wait until 1934? Time passes so quickly these days.

Washington. T. R. B.

The New Kunst Gallery

The American Designers' Gallery, 145 West Fifty-seventh Street, New York.

THERE HAVE been exhibitions of new art, designs for apartments, *objets d'art,* fabrics, crafts, furniture, painting, jewelry and ceramics, at Lord and Taylor's, Macy's and elsewhere. But these exhibitions exploited work of international origin, some of it American, but most of it European; and were to be seen for a few weeks only. The new gallery on Fifty-seventh Street shows the work of American designers only, or at least of designers living in America; and is permanent. These artists have formed a group that will contribute work for a change of showing every two months; so that the exposition will be continuous. The gallery itself consists of a long hall where booths may be set up, or screen sections, and things shown that are suitable to the space; and alongside, a chain of rooms in which can be ensconced designs of boudoirs, children's rooms, bath-rooms, dining-rooms, liquor-rooms, what you like.

This first exhibition of the new designs is not overpowering, but it is fair enough. There are only a few things that seem to me really good. Miss Ruth Reeves has designed some fabrics that ought to hold their own anywhere. The yellow and red cotton piece with the four nudes around a glade of boughs and water, repeated and repeated, and reminiscent of some of the best *toiles de Jouy;* and its companion in blue and white, on linen, are fine work. The large pattern in green and white and black, in landscape motives, is good; and the more broadly modern design in gray and rose and other colors has remarkable style and adaptability for use. Mr. Henry Varnum Poor's pottery, by no means new to the public, puts up an admirable claim; and some of the silver of Miss Ilonka Karasz is, if limited in scope, effective.

But such examples as these are smaller in size and intention, and, therefore, within a somewhat easier compass. When we come to larger attempts, such as boudoirs and dining-rooms, the problem grows more venturesome and difficult; and, no matter how good they may be, these creations encounter more resistance in the beholder and more hesitation or blind partiality in the prospective purchaser. Some of the smaller things seem to me to be perfect and complete, they come off. None of the rooms, none of the larger objects, none of the furniture—unless we take one or two excellent rugs as such—seem to me to come off. In places they are stupid, raw, obvious or lacking in taste; in places they may be delightful and exciting and fresh.

One of the things to be said about this *kunst* is that it is subtly baffling to the designer. He finds it easy to be different from what we have long seen, but not so easy to arrive at something that has other virtues besides this mere difference, though to some minds that in itself is a great virtue. Looking at the chair, for example, that faces the entrance to the gallery, that affair with greenish upholstery and panels let into the back, you find it hard to justify the existence of such an object; and little more could be said of the niche where the bookcase looks as if it were knocked together out of boards in a studio, and then ornamented with Victorian motives—heads in profile, leaves, sprays—that have been coarsened into new crimes with no more beauty than the old and less good manners. In the designs for rooms of various kinds, this elusive nature of the *kunst* principles, whatever they may be exactly, appears in the details often enough; they run off into rawness and sheer pseudo-practicability.

Mr. Joseph Urban's design for a boudoir in black is the best of the rooms. The walls of black glass, very like mirrors, but deeper than mirrors, like black paint, but brilliant, like glass, but richer than glass, and, but for the central square of white in the ceiling, making the small room look fabulously tall; the panels of ground glass, with designs cut on it, for the lighting; the gold in the bookcases sunk into the walls; the black carpet with designs clipped into it and in oblongs sewed together with great stitches that in themselves make a texture; the cushions in various blacks; and the black and white furniture, all make up an experience that catches you up and starts a whir of possibilities in your mind. There is no doubt a suspicion of vulgarity in the room, a lushness that you could spare, a heat that lacks distinction, but these you can suffer for the stimulation of the venture. On the contrary, however, some of the details of the room are gross in quality and worthless—the shallow painting by the entrance, for example; the forms of the white portions in the table; the handles on the dresser and writing desk, which are so big and obvious that pulling one of them almost promises to start the engines; and the silly little silhouetted samplers on the wall.

The bath-room by Mr. Poor has some fine designing in the tiles, and its whole execution is done *con amore;* but

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the thought of it is smothering and untidy, with those muffled light tones and turgid or husky browns. O Sister Water, St. Francis sang, but this is Master bought a yaller gal, bought her fum de South, hair was curled so very tight, she couldn't shut her mouth. Mr. Rosse's design for a dining-room in enamelled metal delights the sense of mechanism and finish, of trim openings, polished surfaces, smart contrivance, and the rest; if these, alas, could only make a habitation and a name! The rest of the exhibition varies up and down. It is, at any rate, a necessary venture and, therefore, a useful one; and it ought to go far.

II

In general, so far as color is concerned, these American Designers have not quite come off or found themselves. You see a little of Bruno Paul's green, of Vienna creams and yellows, and so on, tones hard to imagine in sooty America, and not quite the life of our eyes. You see smacks of Paris color values, of Swedish, Austrian, or German. But a definite sum, a whole recognizable palette such as one sees in a tour of Stockholm, for instance, there is not. As a whole group of designers, their color has no character and no conviction.

The same thing holds true of their general relation to use in colors and textures. How would that floor of Mr. Urban's look after a week's use?—and only delicacy prevents a discussion of that couch that he proposes. In Mr. Reiss' room with the yellow couch that could be sat on twice perhaps, who could ever clean the floor and not smirch that delicate wall without a dado or ending? And not even a *cocotte* old-style, of the nineties, would want that silver tissue in front of the radiator.

III

One of the problems with the new *kunst* is in the direction of the execution, the sheer craft in painting, finishing and so on, demanded. In countries like Sweden or Germany where things are made to order, from perfumes to cravats, there are plenty of skilled craftsmen. In America skilled craft, apart from a few mechanical channels, is largely lacking. Some of the execution at the American Designers is admirable; some, as in the lamp with the brass shade, opposite the fabrics, shows only either studio messing and egotism or tongue in the cheek. *Kunst* may do something for us by demanding fine craft in the execution of designs. Without that, *kunst* cannot get anywhere, since in the absence of profuse ornamentation and detail, and with its effect of deliberate limitation, it depends on space, texture and accurate technical perfection for so much of its beauty and argument.

IV

All up and down the street nowadays, and in the shops, you see *kunst* offerings, in carpets, pottery, fabrics, furniture, what not. In the next few years these will be multiplied *ad nauseam,* thanks to the charms of industrial capacity—as we did with Mission, for example, or Italian, so-called—until the time comes when we are sick of it and take up another ideal. But out of all the welter of stuff a few good pieces are likely to remain and hold their own. *Quandoque Homerus dormitat*—Byron said, "Homer sometimes nods, Wordsworth sometimes wakes."

V

As to argument, philosophy and theory, we have only to listen to people talk to see how you can go any way you like and find yourself supported with reason and plausibility. Or we may read the words of artists.

If the walls are of metal, with a hard, high finish—

They depress us with their inhuman hardness. Not at all; their hardness makes us sociable and warm, by driving us into soft human retreats among ourselves. Or—they key us up to brilliant vitality. Or—they suggest the permanence of a man's four walls. Or—they are wrong because they eliminate decoration of a complex character. Or—is not simple precision itself a high form of complexity? And so on.

Some artists create what they have thought about, some think about what they have created.

Some people see with their theory, some with their eyes.

VI

Whenever a new style in art arrives there are crowds of defenders, for a time increasing steadily, who admire everything about it. A painting of Picasso's that is brilliant, full of brush, color and design, is thrilling to them, and a Picasso painting that—if dealers had not taught him to save his parings—he would naturally have knocked off in chalk on a café table for a *jeu d'esprit,* is just as thrilling—"they love Picasso." Colbert said to Louis XIV that those who were bigots under a religious king would have been atheists under an agnostic.

STARK YOUNG.

No More than Any Wind . . .

No more than any wind will you
Understand the riven tree,
The broken bough you broke, the few
Tortured leaves that endlessly
Twist and make the little sound
Of things that through a storm of pain—
Terror ecstatic and profound—
Passed once, and pass again.

Water over crying sand
Considers not the cry it tears
From the unresisting land.
Water in destruction wears
A beauty that I recognize
Well since first I saw the flow
Of blind tides deep within your eyes,
Approaching terrible and slow.

HAROLD LEWIS COOK.

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An American Dies

IN THE Book of Common Prayer, in the section set apart for family devotions, there is a petition which asks God to "keep us ever mindful of the time when we shall lie down in the dust." That mindfulness that we shall all die does not come either easily or naturally to us; the rare and unpleasant occasions when we are reminded of our destiny we are never anxious to prolong. It is perhaps impossible, among the shifting speeds and colors of our daily world, for a "normal" person to feel, very often or very deeply, the imminence of death; and even at the funerals of our friends, our appreciation of death's quality must remain more artistic than actual.

And yet the sense that time is personal and finite is valuable; we should not get along very well without it. Jobs must be finished by a certain date; we must marry while we can; flowers must be gathered before they fade —we never give ourselves the whole reason why: that we are vaguely conscious of an ultimate and inexorable deadline. We are willing to grant that time is precious, but why it is so precious we would rather not say. People who brood on death are morbid: there are cults whose members spend their lives in this fashion, but society (excluding insurance men and undertakers) is of the opinion that the ordinary individual should not think about death at all. We sometimes have the anomalous case, however, of society itself condemning a man to die; when the question has been put up to him as crudely as this, how is he to avoid it? We are apt to be lenient to these weaker brethren, and if they wish to occupy their minds, and even fill the newspapers, with intimations of mortality, their words are taken kindly, and even as having a sort of social value, like hell-fire sermons or the more luridly minatory advertisements.

In England of the eighteenth century, there was quite a brisk business in the last testaments of notorious murderers; the trade has somewhat fallen off since then, but we may hope that now, with the publication of our own Judd Gray's record of penultimate experience ("Doomed Ship": Horace Liveright), its practice may revive.

I say "our own Judd Gray" advisedly, for one of the fascinations in the Gray-Snyder murder was that Gray was such a nice fellow. The uncovering of an illicit relationship is always exciting to a respectable community, and the sexual motives of a crime enhance its flavor for newspaper readers (a euphemism for "all of us"); but that flavor was peculiarly sharpened in this case by the character of the murderer. He had many friends, a wife and daughter, complete with suburban villa and automobile; he had been through high school; he played bridge; he sometimes dressed for dinner; he read the Saturday Evening Post; he was a traveling salesman. In short, he might have run a close second to that Average American whom the Literary Digest unearthed not long ago. At his trial, the sympathy of the spectators was almost unanimously with him, and against his hard-hearted and unrepentant partner. He was so evidently not the "criminal type"; he was so evidently sorry for all his misdoings and determined to make a clean breast of them; he was so evidently trying to tell the truth. And when the truth was all out, some of the more prudish members of society were disgusted (or pretended to be); some of the more ghoulish were lickerishly amused; but the extraordinary interest which Gray aroused in the great majority came from a horrified sense of kinship.

After sentence had been passed on Gray and Ruth Snyder, and while they were awaiting its execution in the cells of Sing Sing, Gray spent most of his time, apparently, writing this history of his life. Its authenticity is guaranteed by the publisher, who assures us that the book is given to us as written, except for the excision of "occasionally hysterical religious expressions, repetitions, very obscure sentences." Perhaps it is a pity that these "hysterical expressions" have been cut out, for the book as it stands is strong circumstantial evidence against the nobility of man. At his trial, on exhibition before his peers, Gray may have had a kind of dignity about him—the necessity of being the principal actor in a public scene might brace even a weak man into the semblance of strength—but alone in his cell, the treacherous pencil in his hand, his protective imagination excusing and comforting him, he unfolded himself to an audience which he could not help but think of as sympathetic. A very strong man or a very clever man might have written such a record as Gray tried to write, without either concealing or betraying himself. But it would take more skill or virtue than Gray possessed.

All through his unexciting and self-conscious narrative we watch for some sign from the genuine man, some unique movement that will reassure our faith in man's individuality. We are a little startled to note that the book is headed by a tag from Plato, and we are occasionally embarrassed by references to Goethe, Stevenson, and Mme. de Staël, but now and again a phrase or a sentence slips by the Emily Post censor of his half-educated and second-hand awareness, and we constantly expect that in a moment he will speak to us in his own voice. But the tone is never more genuine than this: "Lora [Mrs. Snyder's daughter] seemed fond of me, would throw her arms about my neck and burst into happy tears. I longed so to be a pal to my own little girl and never made the grade while this little personality seemed so happy when with me." When Ruth Snyder enters the story, we hope again that he will forget himself enough to tell us something true about her; and he does evidently try—but this is the result: "I was saturated with my synthetic ideal and her passionate administration of sex with that ever-appealing comradeship." Either Gray was not a very satisfactory medium, or the controls were poor.

He has one more chance. The book was finished, we are told, less than an hour before his execution, and he knew the time at which he was to die. A sane and healthy man, knowing that he was face to face with certain death—what a *reductio ad absurdum* of our common lot! Not lulled by fever or tortured by disease, so that death would be a mere deepening of sleep or a welcome release; but alive and well, able to know what he was doing, to feel and to think. Now, if ever, we want him to give himself utterly away—not merely his vices (his cheapness, his shoddy feelings) but his virtues too. Anything he could tell us now we would take as gospel.

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Anything, that is, but what he does tell us. For Gray, unfortunately for the rest of us, got "religion" at Sing Sing. And his final report is couched in a mixture of Christmas-card sentiment and time-worn religious patter which is perhaps best left untranslated into plain English. He might, indeed, be babbling in a delirium. The consolations of religion! Morphine would not have left such traces. He has bequeathed us a testament that could pass as the work of any sob-sister, and has never once made us feel that we are listening to a soul in agony. It is a triumph for the Average American, who, even in his hour of death, has no need of any but second-hand thoughts, second-hand emotions. He has escaped us at the very end.

And we are left with the chastened but hopeful conclusion that perhaps an American does not really die: he simply fades away. T. S. MATTHEWS.

CORRESPONDENCE

The Tariff in Politics

SIR: The tumult and the shouting dies. After the great and strong wind we may listen for the still, small voice. The campaign has been disappointing, in that neither of the principal candidates seemed to rise to that intellectual level which his previous achievements had led us to expect. It is hard to believe that neither Hoover nor Smith has more grasp of elementary economics than is shown by their attitudes as to the relation between our prosperity and the tariff policy of the Republican party. . . . The voters of this country have had no helpful information from the orators of either party as to the real effect of a protective tariff on the welfare of our citizens. If the Democratic leaders understood the subject, they could have made it a real issue and could have given our people, and especially our farmers, a genuine campaign of education. But they do not understand it and are afraid of it. Their candidate practically admitted that the Republicans were right, and that to tax those citizens who have profitable industries, in order to enrich manufacturers who have industries that are unprofitable, is the cause of our American prosperity.

In each country some industries can be carried on to advantage and profit, and other industries can only be carried on at a disadvantage and loss. If in any country it is desirable to carry on any industry that does not pay, the resulting loss must be saddled on those who are engaged in industries that are profitable. This may be done directly, by a cash bounty paid from the national treasury to those who are conducting the business that does not pay, or the same thing may be accomplished by a tariff tax high enough to prevent the competition of lower-priced foreign products. The effect of such a tariff is to make the imported articles so costly to consumers that only the wealthy buy them, and to force the average citizen to deal with the protected manufacturer. The cash bounty is rarely paid in any country because this brings the whole transaction into the open, and the taxpayers cannot see why their money should be used to bolster up non-paying businesses. But in the case of a protective tariff, the matter is veiled and the ordinary man does not know how much it adds to his cost of living, and even the legislators who pass the tariff laws rarely know the real amount of their benefactions. . . .

The farmers have perhaps fared worse than any other class. The deceptive tariff on some few agricultural products does not help them, for the prices of most of the staple crops are fixed in the markets of the world, and cannot be raised, and the burden passed on to someone else. Both parties are liberal with campaign promises, but it is not clear how the farmer can be helped under the present system. . . . Any plan to relieve him will probably be, as Mr. Coolidge expressed it, economically unsound. Mr. Coolidge omitted to add that the economic unsoundness began with the first protective tariff by which favored manufacturers were favored at the expense of others.

Practically every student of economics who is not interested in any protected industry is a free-trader. Those who profit from the abuse are excepted because no man can fairly judge his own case. To Europeans, the United States, with each state producing only the commodities it can produce at a profit and exchanging them, without hindering tariffs, with other states, is the standing and unanswerable argument for free trade between all nations. Our prosperity is attributed in no small part to this desirable state of affairs.

Is there any use in having two great parties who are so nearly alike that it is hard to tell wherein they differ? The Republican party is the conservative party, the party that represents those who have property and vested interests and who believe that this is the best of all possible worlds, and that our country is the best of all countries, and that the important thing is to preserve the *status quo*. The Democratic party is only a diminished replica of the Republican party. Both parties have a dissatisfied and progressive element, who believe that there is still room for improvement and that the last word has not yet been spoken. The Socialist party asks too much at once. Meanwhile, the independent voter can only hope that Mr. Hoover will in administration take a somewhat higher ground than he has in his campaign.

THOMAS CONYNGTON.

Montclair, N. J.

Dewey, Spengler and Russia

SIR: In his current articles on Soviet Russia, John Dewey remarks that the impressions which he got from that country are quite different from the current notions about the Soviet. In view of this fact, it is especially interesting to note that Dewey's observations coincide almost exactly with the ideas concerning Russia expressed in Oswald Spengler's "Decline of the West."

Dewey does not consider the economic changes wrought by the Revolution very important. According to him, economic problems are not the center of attention in Russia at all. On the other hand, he is quite impressed by the widespread and enthusiastic activity along educational and esthetic lines. He describes it by saying that, in Moscow particularly, the people act as if they had been relieved of the load of the past and are now free to follow their own creative bent. Incidentally, Moscow strikes Dewey as non-European.

In "The Decline of the West" (vol. II, chap. III, 1), written ten years ago, Spengler is of the opinion that Russia represents a different and much younger civilization than that of Western Europe. Until the time of the Revolution, at least, Russia was not developing naturally. She was developing under the influence and according to the forms of Western Europe. Spengler adds that civilizations which develop this way are hampered rather than helped by the alien influence, and eventually break away from it. Elsewhere in the work (vol. II, chap. V, 1) he says that, in the earlier stages of civilization, economics are never the main problem. The all-importance of economics comes only "late in the game." On the other hand, what Dewey has chosen to call "esthetic" subjects are the concern of civilized people from the first.

It will be seen that Dewey says almost exactly what one would be led to predict if Spengler is taken as true. If Russia is at an early stage in her civilization, she would not (according to Spengler) be primarily concerned with economic problems. She would, however (also according to Spengler), be active and creative in "esthetic" fields. If her free development was actually hindered by the influence of Western Europe, one would expect a surge of activity when this influence has been finally thrown off. There is no doubt but that one effect of the Revolution has been to separate Russia from Western Europe.

Perhaps the conclusion to be drawn from both Dewey and Spengler is that the Russian Revolution was not an economic upheaval at all. The true significance of the Revolution would seem to be that Russia has freed herself from the influence of Western Europe, and will henceforth develop independently in her own way. GEORGE OLSHAUSEN.

Berkeley, Cal.

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Hermann Sudermann

The Mad Professor, by Hermann Sudermann. New York: Horace Liveright. Two vols. $5.

BY THE death of Hermann Sudermann, on November 21, Germany lost one of its writers of international note. As distinctly racial as Hauptmann and Thomas Mann, and yet more subject to the general influences of the European world, Sudermann enjoyed a wider translation and circulation of his novels and plays than either. For one thing, he was more general and external in his interests, more obvious in his themes, more conventional in his handling of them. Hauptmann and Mann have penetrated secret places of the German soul; Sudermann has dealt with the surface of German life, a novelist of manners and dramatist of the "well made" play. He has thus made himself in literature the social historian of Germany in the period of Bismarck and Wilhelm II. He came into his fame with "Die Ehre" in 1889, a play of the realistic propagandist type, directed against the military code of honor. Two subsequent dramas became part of the general repertory of the modern stage. "Heimat" attacked the German family code of repression. It was acted everywhere under the name "Magda." I have a vivid recollection of it as performed by Sarah Bernhardt and her company, a touch of Gallic satire lightening the stolid German characterization and background. "Es Lebe das Leben" was translated by Mrs. Edith Wharton and acted by Mrs. Fiske under the title, "The Joy of Living." In fiction, Sudermann's "Frau Sorge" was his first success, a story based on the German virtues of steadfastness, responsibility and patient industry. "Es War," which has been translated as "The Undying Past," is an exposition and fictional refutation of the Nietzschean maxims. "Das Hohe Lied," named in English "The Song of Songs," was the great cosmopolitan novel of 1908-9, and is Sudermann's most finished work of fiction. His short stories in "Die Indische Lilie" show his mastery of that form; and among his one-act plays must be noted the exquisite "Fritzschen" in the volume called "Morituri."

Some six years ago Sudermann wrote an autobiography which was translated into English, with considerable expurgation, as "The Book of My Youth." The record is concerned with the years following the Franco-Prussian War, when Germany was passing into the period of brilliant, meretricious prosperity of which the nemesis came in 1914. Sudermann was born in 1857 among little people. His father, a small brewer in the Memel district, illustrated the tyranny of family life which Sudermann was to make so often his theme. It was his mother who sympathized with his ambition to become a poet, who toiled and planned to send him to school at Elbing and Tilsit, and raised money from relatives and neighbors to send him to the Universities of Königsberg and Berlin. He became, for form's sake, a candidate in Philology, but as a corps student, he spent his time in drinking, duelling and love affairs, wasting his scanty resources, and nearly dying of hunger while he strove to finish a romance for a popular magazine. He found a patron, and lived for a while in parasitic luxury as a private tutor. He formed political connections, and became editor of a Social Democratic weekly. Thus he learned to know the hard, vulgar, corrupt world which he pictured so ruthlessly in his play "Sodoms Ende." His reaction to it occasionally burst into protest, as when, in Paulsen's Seminar, he blurted out that what Germany needed most was another Jena; but for the most part it took the form of the corrosive pessimism which exudes from nearly everything he wrote. Sudermann learned from his early hardships that he had to conquer the world or perish; at the same time he discovered that the world was a courtesan to be won and spat upon.

"The Mad Professor" is an eminent example of this pessimism. The hero is Sieburth, assistant professor of Philosophy at Königsberg, successful through the brilliancy of his gifts, but distrusted by his colleagues because of his scornful skepticism. At the outset he submits to his class an analysis of the world according to Schopenhauer, into Woman and Thought, and his career is as a follower of both. But thought betrays him; his intellectual achievements only justify his skepticism and leave him a prey to the flesh. His affairs with women run the gamut of sexual experience and emotion. When scandal threatens to ruin his career he is forced into action; he joins the Junker party and calls upon the Assistant-Minister of Education at Berlin, in whom he finds a kindred spirit. He wins the world, the academic world, by his appointment to the Chair of Kant, only to resign from it and from the world itself in weariness, loneliness and disgust, taking with him his philosophic writings in manuscript.

"The Mad Professor" will not take rank with "The Song of Songs" as a masterpiece, but the theme is the same —futility. The professor and the courtesan are doomed by a lack of adjustment to life in which their virtues are impotent and sterile. The good in them betrays them to the evil; and the evil, which is of the world, leads the world to destroy them. But while Lilly Czepanek is a fresh, spontaneous incarnation, Sieburth is apparently derived from self-consciousness and very imperfectly rendered. But the world which Sudermann pictures in this last book is far more significant than the half world of "The Song of Songs." Here we have the background of German intellectual life in the years after the national triumph and unification—the University of Königsberg, serene in the glory of Kant; the corps of drinking, duelling students in which Fritz Kühne is disgraced because he will not drink a toast to Bismarck; the faculty with its decrepit theologians and aggressive scientists, the brilliant historian Hildebrand, and the ancient Hegelian; the faculty wives, headed by the Three Fates who decree matrimonial alliances and direct the storm of scandal; intellectual movements and the eclipse of Hegel; political struggles, the *Junker Partei* and the *Kultur-Kampf,* over which looms the gigantic shadow of Bismarck—there is, in all this, matter for pondering, in the light of the later fate of Germany.

An academic novel is especially subject to the temptation to fall back on photography for characterization, and that Sudermann has done this in many cases is obvious enough. In this respect as in others "The Mad Professor" suggests comparison with the English novel of Oxford of the same period, "Robert Ellsmere." At once the reader will be struck with the more mature intellectual tone of the German novel. In the Oxford of Mrs. Ward, Hegelianism is in its full bloom in the teaching of Thomas Hill Green: in the Königsberg of Sudermann it is touched with frost and withering. Both novels present the antinomy of action and thought—the atrophy which consciousness brings upon the will; but Mrs. Ward's type of academic lassitude in Langham is as a spoiled child compared to Sieburth's bitter manhood.

ROBERT MORSS LOVETT.

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More Ballads and Folk-Songs

Ballads and Sea-Songs from Nova Scotia, collected by W. Roy Mackenzie. Cambridge: Harvard University Press. 421 pages. $5.

South Carolina Ballads, collected and edited by Reed Smith. Cambridge: Harvard University Press. 174 pages. $3.

American Negro Folk-Songs, by Newman I. White. Cambridge: Harvard University Press. 501 pages. $5.

THE importance of the service that Harvard University is rendering the world in the collecting of folk-songs can scarcely be exaggerated. The larger part of the collections of folk-songs in this country have been carried on under Harvard inspiration or published with the Cambridge imprint. George Lyman Kittredge is a torch that lights the way to research in all sections of the land, and folk-lorists owe him a tremendous debt, as is evidenced anew by the fact that two of the three books here discussed are dedicated to him.

W. Roy Mackenzie's volume is a fascinating book, bringing to us forty-odd tunes, one hundred and sixty-two songs, and a general discussion of the folk-music of Nova Scotia, the narrow, salty province of the new world. The extent of the group is unusual for a regional collection, and there is a notable range and variety in the material, including English and Scotch traditional ballads, as well as various types of sea-songs. The author points out a curious fact, that it was the French who preserved the ballads brought to the new shores by the English and Scotch settlers. At first the emigrants from Great Britain had cherished their songs, and had sung them with pleasure, so that their French neighbors had learned them. But presently, when an austere sense of religion chilled and repressed all joy, the ballads would have died out but for the Huguenots who kept them alive and unimpaired by the change in transmission. That inconvenient attack of conscience reminds one of the piety which causes many Negroes to hold "ballets" or in fact any but spirituals as sinful, "devil-songs" not to be indulged in by a church member. A hunter for folk-songs learns to give thanks for the unregenerate among us, the sinners who love the secular tunes.

Mackenzie brings together here a fine collection of sea-songs, forecastle songs, fighting tunes, and shanties, by which the men who went down to the sea in ships were wont to entertain their leisure or lighten their work. He gives an interesting discussion of the shanties, or chanties, for which he confesses a peculiar affection. One deep-sea man told him, "Ye needn't think the shanties was all noise and yelling. There was some fine singers in them old crews and it was great to hear them." The old-time crews worked rhythmically, to the accompaniment of song, much as the Negroes do (though they do so less now than formerly, alas!), and the shanties were their work-songs. Full of vigor they were, too, as the very titles suggest: "Blow the Man Down!", "Reuben Ranzo," "Whiskey Johnny," and the like. This is a brave book!

Down in South Carolina, Professor Reed Smith has been hunting ballads and studying them, so that his volume represents the results of almost a score of years' interest in the field. The volume recalls to me an afternoon a year ago when I sat with him on his front porch in Columbia and we talked delightfully of folk-songs we had pursued. There's no community of interest to be compared with it! Some scholars discuss even folk-lore in so erudite a style that heaviness appalls the reader, but not so with Reed Smith. His style is alive and charming enough to make a reader who had not loved ballads before now clasp them to his heart. He goes into the perilous topic of communal composition—which usually causes theorists for and against to leap to the battle line—in a comradely fashion. He believes that, while some of the simpler and earlier ballads no doubt had communal composition, the majority of the traditional ballads can best be accounted for on the basis of individual authorship, the original versions having been made over and built up through the process of communal transmission. That is, an author makes a song, but the folk make it a folk-song. Most persons familiar with the way in which the Southern Negroes create their songs even now will be inclined to agree with him.

In a chapter entitled "The Road Down Hill," Professor Smith speaks with regret of the present low levels of oral tradition with respect to folk-song. "It is the penalty of oral tradition that it can exist only where literacy does not." The two vary inversely—as one waxes the other wanes and is confined to lower ranges of talent and intelligence. He mourns, as other folk-lorists before him have done, the effect which the modern extension of education has had on discrediting folk-lore. Something should be done about it. But what?

He gives a sheaf of traditional songs and ballads that he has found surviving in South Carolina, fourteen ballads in all, with twelve tunes set down, and forty-three variants. The book is not only a valuable contribution to the subject, but is delightful reading as well. Part of the material has been published in the bulletin of the University of South Carolina.

Newman I. White, professor of English in Duke University, publishes an extensive collection of Negro folk-songs that he got in Alabama and North Carolina, with the help of his students at the Alabama Polytechnic Institute and Duke University. Here are more than eight hundred songs, drawn from the various Southern states, of a wide range of type. This is a vivid and provocative book, one to be treasured and constantly consulted. I grieve that the tunes are omitted, though I realize that I am ungrateful, since one shouldn't ask for everything. As the Negroes in the South say, "You can't get all the coons up one tree." Surely there are plenty of coons treed here.

In a philosophic discussion of Negro folk-song, Professor White argues that the average white man's assumption that everything the Negro has done is in imitation of the whites is as illogical as the Negroes' claim that his folk-song is entirely original and racial. He is of the opinion that much of the Negro folk-music, especially the spirituals, is derivative from the whites, but that no matter what its origin or development, the Negro song is now definitely and peculiarly Negro. According to his theory, the captives brought their love of music with them, and the African is a considerable element in their song today so far as music is concerned, but there is little connection between the words of Negro folk-song in America and the African. He believes that the spirituals were made in imitation of the "folksy" religious songs of the whites, the term itself having been taken from old song-books. Other recent investigators in the field have reached a similar conclusion.

The collection of songs given here is a fascinating one, arranged according to types, and including work songs, songs about animals, about women, about ancient events, blues, "ballets" and so forth. There are fifteen specimen

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tunes given in the appendix, enough to make one long for many more.

Folk-song in this country is distinctly richer for the publication of these three volumes.

DOROTHY SCARBOROUGH.

Americans and Others in the East

The Far East, by Payson J. Treat. New York: Harper and Brothers. 549 pages. $5.

Japan and the United States, by Payson J. Treat. Stanford University: Stanford University Press. 307 pages. $3.50.

A History of the Far East in Modern Times, by Harold M. Vinacke. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 479 pages. $6.

The Soul of China, by Richard Wilhelm. Text translated by John Holroyd Reece, poems by Arthur Waley. New York: Harcourt, Brace and Company. 382 pages. $3.75.

AN objective attitude toward the adventures of the American government in the Far East is a precious quality in a historian. But sometimes it has to be paid for. Professor Treat, whose competence and acuteness are unquestioned, maintains a cool accuracy when he discusses Americans in his general account of western activities in Japan and China. By way of compensation, when he tells what Russia has done or tried to do, he resorts to such an adjective as "wanton." When he speaks of Japan's encroachment on Manchuria he says, "Japan had purchased her railway with the blood of her soldiers." Without passing judgment on the merits of Japan's case as against either Russia or China, the residuary victim, one might fairly ask what imperialism, no matter how vicious, could not make at least that claim?

These lapses from realism are fortunately not frequent in Professor Treat's two books, and perhaps they should be passed over in appreciation of the clarity and balance of his narratives. The volume on Japan and the United States is a reprint of a very useful survey now brought down to date. "The Far East, A Political and Diplomatic History," provides a slight but well analyzed background of knowledge concerning China and Japan as entities in civilization and a straightforward account of what westerners have contributed to the changes in their condition. In both volumes, the author may somewhat underestimate the internal dissatisfactions active in Japan before Commodore Perry knocked at the gate. In regard to the American occupation of the Philippines, he suggests that we might follow the example of Japan in Chosen. If we would "appropriate a few million dollars every year for public education, internal improvements, or other useful things, a better spirit of coöperation might develop in the islands." But recent observers in Chosen have not found the people contented under Japanese rule, in spite of material gifts. The successful absorption of one people by another requires imaginative sympathy, and Japan, in all her efficient aggressiveness, has not shown much more of that quality than Americans have with the Filipinos.

Professor Vinacke's "Far East in Modern Times" is also a history of western powers in oriental hunting grounds rather than an account of events in that region which would seem properly proportioned to a native of any country there. It is more copious than the Treat volume, however, and so succeeds in penetrating further into the internal conditions which have determined the responses of China and Japan to the invitations, brutalities, and advantages of western contact. Professor Vinacke is not tempted into resentments or apologies. He seems to have no "most favored nation."

Discussing the revolution in China, he makes clear the intricate relations between economic and political phases. He pushes back to the outbreak of violence in Szechuan in 1911, and indicates that, although the provincial protests there were not anti-dynastic, they took on political significance as an expression of the people's resentment against the Manchu government's mismanagement of the economic transformation which was already on its irresistible way. Western industrialism, rather than western political notions, upset the Chinese system. The central rule of the Manchus fell because it could not give political form to the new economic necessities. Political ideas were abortive and uncertain, lacking a philosophic completeness, until the revolution became a fact. As the author says, contrary to the usual process of change, the "new intellectual and cultural atmosphere" developed in China not before but after 1911. This helps to explain why, to the bewilderment of many observers, the economic revolution goes on prosperously no matter how vacillating and murderous political manifestations may be. The Chinese are a practical people. They are rearranging their industrial system. Under modern conditions especially, this involves a rearrangement also of their governing system. They must achieve the synthesis of a national state in order to deal with other national economic-political unities.

Both Treat and Vinacke have written admirable books, but Vinacke succeeds in the more difficult task.

Political histories are usually the work of serious-minded, professional scholars, even in a field like the East, which tempts the amateur by its vast difficulties. The descriptive and interpretative essay is not less difficult, but it must be the work of an amateur, since there is not, thank Heaven, a profession of international explaining. Books of this kind account for most of the paper and ink wasted on nonsense about the East. Among many attempts to elucidate the "soul" of China, that of the German teacher of Shantung, Richard Wilhelm, is conspicuously interesting. He went to Tsingtao when the Germans were getting established, and spent twenty-five years among the Chinese. "I learned to love the country and its people," he says, "like everybody who has spent much time there." Except for Shanghailanders in the treaty ports, he should have added. He kept a detached attitude toward the imperial intrusions of his own countrymen that gave him his chance to learn. He sees the destruction of old Chinese culture not as a conflict between West and East, but as a repetition in the East of the mechanizing process which has destroyed geographically limited cultures elsewhere. The East offers "profound penetration into its own subconsciousness until from those depths upwards the road to all that is vital, which is experienced intuitively in a mystic and unified vision, has become liberated." But humanity also needs "the ultimate intensification of the autonomous individual until it has acquired the power to match the whole pressure of the external world." Lifted from Wilhelm's sensitive and concrete discussions, these sentences seem empty. He makes his meaning clear in development. His thought casts a beam of light through the thick fog of misunderstanding.

LYMAN BRYSON.

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Savagery or Coddling?

Life and Death in Sing Sing, by Lewis E. Lawes. New York: Doubleday, Doran and Company. 267 pages. $3.50.

NOT A little of the responsibility for the development of a more enlightened and civilized attitude towards crime and the criminal must be assigned to the influence exerted upon public opinion by relatively humane and intelligent prison wardens such as Gideon Haynes, Gaylord Hubbell, Z. R. Brockway, Jesse O. Stutsman and others. Warden Lawes of Sing Sing has become well known of late for his valiant assaults upon the practice of capital punishment. His book on that subject is a complete answer to all of the threadbare arguments of the supporters of this phase of the conventional barbarities in criminal law and penal procedure. He has also written a number of articles giving evidence of an insight and urbanity rare among the hard-boiled and "practical" group who make up the prison wardens of the country today. Now he has published an interesting book setting forth his reactions to our present system of criminal jurisprudence and prison administration, based upon about a quarter of a century of contact with that small and relatively stupid and unlucky minority of the criminal class whose crimes are for the most part of relatively slight social significance as compared to the deeds of wealthy "gentlemen," but have led to their apprehension and conviction.

Warden Lawes leads off with a common-sense analysis of the concept of crime, making clear the great diversity in the conceptions of the nature of crime and revealing the notorious inadequacy of the strictly legal test of crime which constitutes the foundation of our court-room procedure in dealing with the criminal. He shows that the real test of a crime should be the degree of its anti-social influence. He rejects the thesis of any such entity as a born criminal, admitting only the possibility of hereditary predisposition to an unusual degree of criminal suggestibility in a bad social environment. Warden Lawes provides an interesting history of Sing Sing prison and exposes at length the barbarous and inhuman nature of the physical character of the institution over which he presides. This is supplemented by much illuminating material embodying his observations on the character of the prisoners at Sing Sing. He here shatters the conventional belief in the unique and monstrous nature of the convicts. The particular kinks in their nature and experience which have made them criminals are mitigated by streaks of kindliness, sympathy and devotion, in which they match or excel many outside prison walls. Nor is the seriousness of the crime any sure measure of the hardness or depravity of the personality of the criminal.

Mr. Lawes devotes one excellent chapter to an account of the preposterous variations in the sentences imposed for the same crime by different judges and to an analysis of the wholly inadequate provision for the released prisoner with respect both to pecuniary endowment and prospect of employment. As might have been expected, perhaps the best portion of the book is given over to the author's consideration of capital punishment as a theory of repression, of the life of prisoners in the death house, and of the attitudes of condemned men in facing death in the electric chair. Warden Lawes is an irreconcilable opponent of the death penalty, and he indicates the reasons for his conversion to this point of view. He concludes his book by a well reasoned appeal for a sensible treatment of the criminal instead of the present-day procedure of savagely punishing for the commission of a crime. He argues for a differentiated treatment, to be determined by the nature of the criminal, and he defends the rational position that the time of a prisoner's release should be determined by his response to scientific and socialized treatment.

The reviewer believes that this book is likely to prove the most useful and helpful work published in the field of criminology in many years, in spite of the fact that it does not contain a single new conception and many of its basic ideas and proposals were set forth fifty years ago by F. H. Wines and others. Its extraordinary potential utility arises from the fact that it has been written by a distinguished prison warden. If the product of a professional criminologist, it would be attacked as "mere theory" dictated by a combination of ignorance and sentimental humanitarianism. If written by a prisoner, it would be denounced as a product of resentment and degeneracy. Here we have at last sense and science emerging from the office of an eminent member of the approved official class who are supposed to be oozing with pertinent information, devoid of sentiment and full of respectability and satisfaction with their role in life. Hence it should secure the confidence of the skeptical. If it is less scientific and comprehensive than Warden Stutsman's book of a few years back, it is much more personal, intimate and anecdotal, and for this reason is likely to secure a much more extensive circulation. One may well wish for it a million readers, particularly in the land of the Baumes Laws.

HARRY ELMER BARNES.

Victoria Woodhull

The Terrible Siren, by Emanie Sachs. New York: Harper and Brothers. 423 pages. $4.

IT was high time someone exploded the theory that the bustles and corsets of our grandmothers were the armor of virtue, and the bobbed hair and visible thighs of our daughters the outward signs of moral turpitude. As an exploder, Mrs. Sachs has performed an invaluable service, while at the same time painting a caustic and fascinating picture of the America of fifty years ago.

There are interesting by-products of Mrs. Sachs' exhaustive inquiry into the strange and frequently (by their own standards) highly immoral behavior of our immediate forbears. It is evident, for example, that public discussion of sex relations was hot news long before the advent of the tabloids, while equally public attacks on property rights were not. As an advocate of "free love," Victoria Woodhull was worth a couple of columns in the journals of All the News That's Fit to Print, any day; as a professed Communist, however, she wasn't worth two sticks. It was not as a social reformer that The Terrible Siren attained her highest publicity, but as a social iconoclast—specifically as the denouncer of the Rev. Henry Ward Beecher as "a liar and a libertine."

Indeed, Mrs. Sachs shares one quality besides pulchritude with her heroine—courage. Those who like their sex discussed with almost clinical candor will revel in "The Terrible Siren." This may, and I hope will, make the book a best-seller; but it is not, to my mind, its chief virtue.

Here is a portrait of America and the Americans as authentic as "Huckleberry Finn." Not Dickens himself ever conceived anything so essentially English, as Ruben Buckman Claflin and his consort, Roxanna—"a squalid,

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ignorant nuisance"—are American—or Colonel James H. Blood masquerading, in his threadbare cutaway coat, under the record of another of the same sanguinary name; or tall, blond, glamorous Theodore Tilton, who could forgive but not forget; or shrewd, unctuous Henry Ward Beecher, likening himself to King David, not without sound grounds; or Stephen Pearl Andrews, "the Pantarch," and gentleman and scholar to boot; or Benjamin R. Tucker, lover-at-large to the fair but frail Victoria. Dickens might have drawn them out of his exotic imagination. But Mrs. Sachs found them all in the columns of the daily press, not phantoms but human beings.

Mrs. Sachs' Victoria Woodhull is both sinister and pathetic. There is something of the sweep of Greek tragedy in her astounding career. But one figure, at least, in "The Terrible Siren," is engaging—Tennessee Claflin. Hers is the story of the joyous triumph of vice over virtue—if only one will learn to take one's sins gaily.

PAXTON HIBBEN.

Spinoza's Letters

The Correspondence of Spinoza. Translated and edited by A. Wolf. New York: The Dial Press. 502 pages. $5.

PROFESSOR WOLF has performed a very real service to philosophy in making available for the first time a complete and well annotated English translation of Spinoza's correspondence. The letters which the solitary philosopher of the Hague exchanged with his various correspondents are of interest from several angles. Not only do they offer to the student what the translator calls a more homely and less formidable approach to Spinoza's doctrine, but they constitute the nearest thing to an intellectual biography of the great philosopher. In Spinoza's case, such biographical material is exceedingly valuable because the rigorous mathematical form in which he wrote his principal exposition of his philosophy, the "Ethics," has conspired to make him the victim of his commentators. Either they have expounded his system verbally by paraphrasing texts, or else they have abandoned his metaphysics altogether and confined themselves to drawing popular homilies from his works. A reading of the letters opens up a third possibility. The letters show Spinoza in relation to the scientific and philosophic controversies of his time, and they thus provide the key by which we may get behind his abstract system and separate out the temporal from the eternal elements in his thought.

Spinoza lived through the height of the scientific and philosophic revolution of the seventeenth century. The revolution marked the total breakdown of the artificial synthesis in which, under the ægis of Aristotle, the mediæval scholastics had combined common-sense science and common-sense theology. In its place there was growing up the new science, which was developing under two sets of auspices. There was the hard-headed empiricist school, represented to a large extent in England, which insisted upon observation and experiment in natural science, but was quite content to take its theology on faith and revelation. And then there was the Continental school, under the leadership of Descartes, which saw in mathematics and rational demonstration the real essence of science. Mathematics, however, faced two ways: as applied to natural science it meant mechanism, but as applied to philosophy it opened up the possibility of combining in a single vision the horizon of religion and the horizon of natural science. The significance of mathematics in this respect is not in the fact that it is quantitative, but rather in the fact that it has the character of *a priori* intelligibility, thus making man the mathematician not merely a creature of flesh and bone, but a spirit which participates in a universal reason—that is to say, in God. Formally this mathematical philosophy was elaborated by Descartes, but in his hands it amounted to little more than a philosophical baptism of conventional Christianity. In the hands of Spinoza, more fitted by temperament and circumstances to undertake the task of spiritual unification in earnest, it proved a revolutionary tool, sweeping away the whole structure of materialistic supernaturalism and leaving standing the conception of God as the supreme unity, the common goal of scientific intellection and religious aspiration.

In the systematic elaboration of his philosophy Spinoza allowed himself to be tempted too much by the seventeenth-century ideal of simplicity. The correspondence is very significant in this regard. At the opening of his correspondence we find him criticizing both Bacon and Descartes for not having brought together the notion of God with the system of the natural world, and it is this task he set for himself. The task looked all the more practical and realizable in view of the promise held out by Cartesian science of reducing the physical world to simple mechanism. It seemed just another step to bring God into the system. But the development of science in the very lifetime of Spinoza ruined the Cartesian simplicity and converted science into a method rather than a system, and in so doing it destroyed the possibility of a simple metaphysics putting God and nature into the same formal system. Spinoza, doubtless, would have recognized this, had he lived longer, for in almost his last letter we find him declaring all of Descartes' physical principles to be false, not to say absurd, adding that he himself has not been able to put his own conception of matter into any sort of order.

The collapse of the Spinozistic dream of a single science of the universe does not destroy the Spinozistic vision of the unity of spiritual and intellectual life, and perhaps the true morality of Spinoza may lie just in this, that when we have the courage and the insight to regard science as a method and not as a fixed system, then we may also acquire the courage and the insight to see that scientific method and religious aspiration are not fundamentally incompatible.

BENJAMIN GINZBURG.

Fiction Notes

Giant-Killer, by Elmer Davis. New York: The John Day Company. $2.50.

SOON we shall have no illusions left. David, it seems, did not really kill Goliath. According to Elmer Davis, he was a treacherous, selfish and vacillating man with a genius for permitting other people to do his dirty work for him. And yet, paradoxically, he was a great man, an artist. He provided the touch of ecstasy, the fire of inspiration without which his kinsman, Joab, could not have built up, by toil and bloodshed, the Kingdom of Israel. Mr. Davis has done a rather remarkable piece of imaginative re-creation. Although he occasionally drops into sly cynicism, with obvious intent to shock, his book has a certain sweep and spaciousness. It is by no means a satire.

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E. H. W.

Dear Senator, by McCready Huston. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Company. $2.50.

POLITICAL innocents can learn the Facts of Life quite painlessly by reading "Dear Senator," an uncommonly shrewd picture of politics as it is practised in the Mid-Western state of Illyria. (For which name you can conveniently substitute Indiana.) Ostensibly this is the story of Dan Meredith, who deteriorated and coarsened spiritually as he rose from office to office, thus wrecking the ideals of the woman who knew him in his generous youth. Actually, the story matters very little. One is absorbed, rather, by Mr. Huston's cool, detached revelation of how men scheme and lie and double-cross one another in an effort to secure the desirable prizes which the political game can offer. This is a sounder and more devastating book than "Revelry." If it were not lacking in any real interplay of character, it would be an important novel.

E. H. W.

Black Sadie, by T. Bower Campbell. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. $2.50.

AS LONG as his heroine remains obscure, Mr. Campbell is highly successful. Through her early years down South the entertainment offered by Black Sadie never flags. We revel with her in morality and vividness, those twin roads along which blacks and whites travel in opposite directions to the same goal: Escape. But as Sadie rises to New York and notoriety, her story dwindles into insignificance. It ends by just singing another song of types and fads and where is Mr. Van Vechten leading us after all. It will sell so well, it will dramatize so well, it is so deftly, though in spots so cheaply written, it starts out with so soaring an exuberance—too bad its author couldn't quite get over being brought up in the land of Unc's and Massa's.

E. G.

Lily Christine, by Michael Arlen. New York: Doubleday, Doran and Company. $2.50.

THE TIDE of popular favor, damn it, has turned against Mr. Arlen. And that, if you were a sympathizer with King Canute, might be surprising. For, though Mr. Arlen's stock at present may be quoted at a figure well under par, his latest issue has quite as great intrinsic value as his previous ones. Lily Christine, a brave, modern, short-sighted darling, has a charming rascal for a husband, and a shoal of passionately platonic friends. It would not be fair to the book to go any further with her story; it might be added, however, that instead of the proud oriflamme of a Green Hat, she occasionally wears a pair of spectacles. And, of course, she has what the Italians delicately call *"coseta"*—no doubt of it. "She turned her head with a swift, careless smile that pricked his manhood into a sloppy nothingness." Mr. Arlen has no pity on us; and the inevitable effect his story will have on every decent fellow will be to make him break down and have a good manly cry.

T. S. M.

Strange Fruit, by Phyllis Bottome. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. $2.50.

TO SAY that Phyllis Bottome writes terribly well is not slangy, but literally true. One reads with interest, applauds with enthusiasm—and shudders slightly. For her tales, crystallized into ice-bright prose, skirt the arctic zone of perfection. But for all that, "Strange Fruit" lacks the vital spark. One reason for this may be found in the consistently maintained point of view. The invisible tale-teller appears to be a blend of literarified British hail-fellow-well-met, Katherine Mansfield and La Rochefoucauld. This happy combination becomes dangerous when coupled with an equally happy gift for telescoping events. It is dangerous to compress human tragedies into epigrams. The result is too tidy. Each story is too neatly labelled with its own theme. Each puppet is too cleanly painted just like life. This is the point where art succumbs to artfulness.

E. G.

A Man Can Build a House, by Natalie Sedgwick Colby. New York: Harcourt, Brace and Company. $2.50.

MRS. COLBY has here undertaken a more ambitious task than in her two previous novels. Her aim is to describe the interweaving lives of three groups of people; we see them twist together, tangle, become knotted, and finally cut apart; at the end only those who are secure in their possession of fundamentals stand erect and certain; the others, having made false choices of reality, tumble to disintegration.

Mrs. Colby tells her story with distinction and skill. Her style reminds one of a cut-glass stopper twirled in the sun, flashing and sparkling, so that her scenes and characters jump alive from a sudden probe and stab of light. One has, too, a sense of the flow of life; Mrs. Colby's ability is nowhere so apparent as when she describes the moments of unconscious conflict and deplorable misunderstanding which are at once the cause and condition of so many of our actions. Here she finely communicates a sense of tragedy, which is her outstanding achievement. Only at the end does she lean, somewhat too heavily, on melodrama; this, and an over-confidence in her gift of phrase are the chief points to be made against Mrs. Colby's novel. It would, however, be ungracious to emphasize them. For one puts this book down not only with the sense of having had an enjoyable experience, but with a feeling that it is a work of art. And that is high praise.

T. S.

Contributors

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PAXTON HIBBEN, who died on December 5, is the subject of an article in this issue. He was the author of "Constantine and the Greek People," and "Henry Ward Beecher."

BENJAMIN GINZBURG is connected with the Encyclopedia of Social Sciences.

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